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EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus!

HESE words of acclamation wherewith a Catholic bishop is greeted when inaugurating some liturgical function in his diocese are not merely a conventional welcome, still less an unworthy form of flattery, for they but express the natural sentiments of all Catholic hearts. For a bishop, possessing the plenitude of the priesthood and entrusted with the spiritual charge of a section of the flock of Christ, is a man invested with such a lofty dignity that nothing in civil government can offer a parallel to it. As bishop, his office, his endowments and his work dwell in the region of the supernatural: in his own diocese, as is the Pope in the whole world, he is the Vicar of Christ. So it is with unfeigned feelings of loyal reverence that Catholics in England welcome the new occupant of the Metropolitan See of Westminster, his Grace Archbishop Arthur Hinsley, who, wearing the sacred pallium, which indicates the closeness of his association with the Holy See, the centre of Christendom, will take possession of his diocese on April 29th.

The New Archbishop

Listed in pointing out the special fitness of the new Archbishop for his lofty and onerous post. A close acquaintance with the ecclesiastical life of England, both parochial and professorial, a personal knowledge of many of her clergy, drawn from his Rectorship of the English College at Rome, a unique experience of the foreign missions due to his having been Apostolic Visitor of practically the whole of Africa—such are some of his particular qualifications for his very important charge. For the majority of us, it is enough that he is a man who, in a very true sense, is "sent from God," the choice, in the first place, of the Holy Spirit whose all-wise

Providence rules the Church. We may gratefully reflect on one particular advantage which the Church in English-speaking countries at present enjoys. Her spiritual independence is respected. She is free in her internal affairs from the interference of the civil Government. No doubt, in the ideal. Church and State should be closely united in the recognition and service of God Almighty. But there never has been in history a State however Catholic (except for a short time the remote Republic of Ecuador), whose connexion with the Church has been altogether wholesome for the latter. And we have only to consider the price paid by the pre-Reformation Church in this country for the "patronage" of the Crown to realize how great a benefit it is in practice to be wholly free from State intervention in Church government. We can give our new Archbishop, as we have given his predecessors. our unstinted allegiance with the full assurance that none but spiritual motives were concerned with his appointment, and that he comes to us fresh from the intimate counsels of the Holy Father. And surely our most fitting prayer for him is that expressed in the ordinary ferial Office-"May he take stand, O Lord, upon Thy strength, and feed thereon to the uplifting of Thy Name."

The Royal Jubilee

ATHOLICS, remembering the plain injunction of the First Pope-"Fear God, honour the King" (1 Pet. ii, 17)-will not be any less enthusiastic than the rest of his people in celebrating, this month, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Accession of King George V to the British throne, for their Faith teaches them to recognize and revere in the supreme authority that of God Himself. This they would do in any case, even as Blesseds John Fisher and Thomas More honoured the kingship of the ungodly Henry VIII, but when a monarch has reigned so long and worthily as has King George, their homage becomes inspired by affection as well as by duty. During that period, the Commonwealth and the world generally passed through the shattering experience of the Great War which swept away so many traditions and upset so many standards, yet in a society thus morally disorganized, the example of the Court remained as lofty and pure as ever, conferring by its very existence incalculable benefits on the country. And, although the Royal power cannot constitutionally be exercised in direct government,

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the King has done much indirectly to mitigate the strife of parties and classes, and, in particular, has succeeded in averting the dangers to the stability of the State which might have been feared from the unprecedented experiment of a Labour Government. That the Socialists amongst its members became reconciled to the "inevitability of gradualness" in the pursuit of their subversive aims was largely due to the contact with the Sovereign which their responsibilities as Ministers of the Crown occasioned. That the atheistic anarchists who are so voluble in our midst are also so futile and ineffective can be traced to the deep-rooted regard which monarchy, as exhibited by the King and his family, has won from the whole community. In the King's public utterances he is never afraid to refer to God or to divine Providence, and. as we Catholics shall always gratefully remember, he was the first of his line who, by positively refusing to make the offensive declaration against transubstantiation in the Coronation Oath, finally caused its removal. About seven years ago, His Majesty's grave illness united the nation in prayer for the prolongation of so beneficent a life, and, although he is now only a month off that "three-score and ten" of which the Psalmist speaks so pessimistically, we trust that divine Providence will, for many years to come, preserve for the country and the Commonwealth the inspiration of his blameless life and devotion to duty.

The Pilgrimage of Peace

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THE Holy Year of Jubilee in honour of the nineteenth centenary of the Sacrifice of Calvary comes to an end on Low Sunday with the great Lourdes Pilgrimage for Peace. The frenzied efforts of statesmen to avert by negotiation an eventuality for which they are all, nevertheless, preparinganother world war-are happily of only minor account compared with the endeavours of the Church to turn the hearts of men from plans and courses which lead to war. "The fellowship of Catholics all over the world ought to be enough to give the world peace," says Father Knox in a lately-published sermon. "It has not succeeded in doing so hitherto: that is not the fault of the Church; it is our fault, the fault of Catholics who have not been Catholic enough." Not been Catholic enough-alas! we may fairly say, have been wholly unCatholic in this particular, and have fostered national conceit and international enmities in a way altogether alien to the

spirit of Christ. There is no permanence in a peace, even if momentarily secured, which rests only on mutual accommodations, though those are important in their place, for political circumstances and the men who rule them are constantly changing. The motive for cultivating peace must be spiritual and constant-the love of God and of humanity which God made. Political arrangements must not leave out of sight the religion and spirit of Christ. There must be one moral law for the community and for the individual. Unless the nations can trust one another to observe the same moral standard, they will still depend on competitive force. Presently, we are to hear the considered judgment of Pope Pius XI, who, during all his reign, has been watching closely the well-meant but short-sighted attempts of bewildered Governments to lay aside the suicidal weapon of war, on the only means of directing the feet of the nations into the ways of peace. He will surely denounce corporate selfishness as the deadly international sin.

Nazi-ism Anti-Christian

X / E have never concealed our conviction that, paradoxical as it may seem, defeated Germany was, from the first, treated unjustly by the victorious Allies, who, with monumental shortsightedness, tried to combine peace-making with vengeance. Their endeavour to punish a people which was not conscious of guilt and which, moreover, could not be penalized without causing manifold injury to the conquerors themselves, postponed, if it has not destroyed, whatever chances there were that a post-War world would become a no-war world. In exposing that stupid mentality, we have faithfully followed the guidance of the Vicar of Christ, who, even before the War ended, set down with admirable clearness the only conditions which could secure the realization of the high ideals that were held to justify it. The world, in its folly, scorned his counsels, and thus, by one colossal blunder after another, it has brought the nations within sight of another and a worse catastrophe, with a more virulent form of Prussianism again infecting Germany and, under the guise of Fascism, other States as well. This being so, having consistently pleaded for justice and charity in dealing with the conquered foe, we feel all the more at liberty to deplore and denounce the ridiculous extremes to which Nazi-fied Germany has pushed her resentment. That she should, grown strong

enough, have practically repudiated the Treaty forced on her acceptance was only to be expected: any other self-respecting State would have done the like. But that she should have implicitly repudiated Christianity as well, and tried to compel her citizens to embrace a pagan political ideology, which is in essence a denial of fundamental human rights, must meet everywhere with Christian reprobation. Christianity came to free the nations from State worship, which is idolatry in its worst form. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," said the Redeemer: but the command of the fanatics who hold this great people in terror is "seek ve first-and last-the Kingdom of Germany." And inevitably when the first three commandments of the Decalogue are thus set aside, the rest are also swept away. The rights of man follow the rights of God into oblivion. Ethically, there is not a whit to choose between the German Terror and that which keeps Russia prostrate.

"It is the Voice of a God"

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AN is radically religious: he must worship something outside himself. The Soviets have provided for their subjects' adoration the mummified corpse of Lenin. The German fanatics have sunk still lower and are engaged in deifying their Leader Hitler, the author of that incredibly foolish and ill-balanced book "Mein Kampf," the author, too, of the bloody massacre of June 30th, which may yet prove his own downfall. This ridiculous apotheosis began when Herr Hitler, in October last, was made Chancellor for life, and the office of President was merged in his leadership. Then the State-controlled Press and the various officials who all hold office at his will, began to vie with each other in fulsome adulation which does not stop at blasphemy. We quoted in October last the Reich Commissioner of Justice as saying-"Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God." And the slavish chorus has not ceased. In the April Catholic World, the editor transcribes some extracts from the Nazi Press and platform, which show the depths of servility to which men who disown God can lower themselves. For instance, "Hitler is a new, a greater, a more powerful Jesus Christ," "Adolf Hitler is the real Holy Ghost," "To-day God reveals Himself to the German people again in the form of Hitler." Surrounded by such nauseous sycophancy, what wonder if its object is tempted to "assume the God" in his dealings, not

only with his own people, but also with other heads of States. And the millions whom he claims to have restored to self-respect dare not utter a word of criticism. Political subserviency has never reached a more contemptible level. Herr von Papen, a long time ago (last June at Marburg) pleaded for some slight recognition of political liberty. "A people deprived of its rights cannot really give its allegiance." Alas! the plea aroused not the faintest response, unless the bloodbath of June 30th was its answer.

Homage to Heidenthum

AST of all, as we write, occurs the endeavour of the Army, now restored to its former position of influence, to rehabilitate the old Prussian militarist, General Ludendorff, who may have been a competent soldier, but who, since his defeat in the War, has distinguished himself only by envenomed invective against Catholics and Christianity. His writings and his former treasonable activities against his country's Government are of no consequence: they are only pathological expressions of a singular monomania; but the belated and unstinted homage now paid to him at the instigation of the Army involves his admirers to some extent in what The Times calls his "political eccentricities and neo-paganism." The homage paid to him by the Nazi party, as the perfect embodiment of the old Prussian spirit, shows too plainly what are their ideals. It is something to the credit of the old man that he did not conceal his religious and political opinions, farcical though they be, on occasion of the demonstration in his honour, but proclaimed himself a devotee of the ancient Heidenthum, of which a recent prophet was the demented Nietzsche. "I am not merely an opponent of Christianity," he cried, "I am literally an anti-Christian and a heathen-and I am proud of it." To be a professed pagan would thus seem to be, in modern Germany, no bar to the highest expression of national esteem. We cannot think that the voiceless multitudes of Christians there would endorse that statement. But when will they find their voices again?

The Church and Culture

In spite of much re-writing and correcting of history, long perverted by ignorance of the character, the achievements and the very raison d'être of Catholicism, there are one or

two false impressions, detrimental to the Church, which the mind of the non-Catholic seems unable to get rid of. Chief of these is the notion that the Reformation, whatever else it did, released the human spirit from slavery to an unjust and pernicious spiritual authority which had long impeded its development, and which, if it still prevailed, would have made the "Dark Ages" perpetual. Here is a typical expression of that view—

The great intellectual rebirth of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries was a revolt against the oppressive rule of authority. Instead of repeating what Aristotle or some other unquestioned authority had said centuries before, men took to thinking, seeing and testing for themselves. It was this method that inaugurated the era of scientific advance which has continued up to the present, and has revolutionized the world (*Headway*, April, 1935, p. 71).

This aptly conveys non-Catholic opinion, stated in innumerable history manuals and imbibed therefrom by innumerable sciolists who are too ignorant to suspect that there may be another. When we think of the thirteenth century, the great age of the Universities, a period of intense intellectual vigour on which authority put the minimum of constraint; when we think of the earlier ages of the subtle metaphysical heresies which, in spite of authority, broke out into widespread schism, we see how shallow is the estimate that human reason had to wait for its "emancipation" till the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The "Reformation" which then occurred was itself but a by-product of the Renaissance, a movement which began more than a century later than the great cultural activity of the Middle Ages.

The Reformation in essence destructive

HAT was novel in that religious revolt was not the protest of proud intellects against dogmatic teaching—a protest which had dogged the development of the Church from the very start—it was the rejection of the very conception of a divinely established teaching Church and the substitution of a new principle, the right of private judgment. What the writer calls "the oppressive rule of authority," is simply the ordinary magisterium of Christ's Church, exercised in order to prevent her message being distorted. And how little in practice such ecclesiastical sway coerced man's

mind all history bears witness. The Church was the mother of the Universities, which arose in the Middle Ages, centuries before the supposed liberation of the human mind by Luther, and of them in their prime, Newman has written in a celebrated passage—

This [the thirteenth century] is the very age of Universities: it is the classical period of the schoolmen; it is the splendid and palmary instance of the wise policy and large liberality of the Church as regards philosophical inquiry. If there ever was a time when the intellect went wild, and had a licentious revel, it was at the date I speak of. When was there ever a more curious, more meddling, bolder, keener, more penetrating, more rationalistic exercise of the reason than at that time?

And so on. The whole passage ("Idea of a University," 1910, pp. 469—70) is a splendid vindication of the Church's encouragement of intellectual enterprise in pre-Renaissance times, which her safeguarding of the truths of revelation did little or nothing to limit. Only blank and discreditable ignorance of historical facts can explain the prevalence of the myth that the Church in any age was hostile to learning. This is not to say that individual Churchmen, in their zeal for the preservation of the truth, did not at times show themselves too conservative in regard to new discoveries and untried methods. Roger Bacon, who anticipated many of the ideas as well as the name of James's Chancellor, was alternately applauded and persecuted, and the case of Galileo, although in no ways typical, shows that orthodoxy can be sometimes obscurantist.

Letting in the Jungle

EVEN one Ludendorff held in honour, even one Rosenberg taken as a teacher, would make the country which fails to realize their pernicious influence, morally suspect. What crass ignoramuses do not such Germans proclaim themselves to be in that they no longer recognize in Christianity the maker and saviour of civilization? What are these madmen thinking of when they propose to jettison the precious moral and cultural heritage of the Christian Faith? Just as in some parts of India, cessation of cultivation for a few years "lets in the jungle," so the maintenance of morality,

in the community as in the individual, demands a constant struggle against "nature."

The hold of Christianity [says Mr. Arnold Lunn in his latest book¹] is always precarious, and where that hold is relaxed, the ancient brutality returns. Nowhere will you find a greater callousness towards individual suffering, or a greater lack of interest in misfits and social failures, than in the one great European country which has formally apostatized from the Christian Faith.

Yet if Rosenberg, Director of the Hitler Youth Organization, into which all young Germany is gradually being forced, has his way, the Reich will be moulding themselves on the very Communists, the suppressing of whom formed their original raison d'être! Bolshevism is, indeed, having its revenge in becoming a model for its enemy. Those who fear Germany's return to power may find some reassurance in the fact that her attempted reversion to her old racial nature-cults will, by moral disintegration, weaken her far more than material weapons can strengthen her. Many more "purges" like that of last June 30th will be needed to prevent the spread of corruption. Herr Hitler must ultimately make his choice between Christ and Wotan, if, as the Ludendorff incident seems to indicate, he has not already done so.

Mexico and the Secular Press

T TOW much of the indifference of the secular Press to the atheistic antics of Russia and Mexico is due to the pose of open-mindedness and "impartiality" prevalent in our time, and how much to real hostility to Christianity, is a question difficult to settle. But the denial of authority in religious matters has a natural tendency to produce such indifference. If not only Faith but morality too is freely subject to the solvent of human criticism, then tolerance of new ethical views is the only polite course. "I do not wish to excommunicate modern Churchmen" once said an Anglican prelate, "their theory [denying Christ's Divinity] may be right." Similarly, the secular journalist may argue that the Soviets, trying to build a civilization on the denial of God, "may be right." Who is he to dictate in matters of religious belief or practice? When Faith has gone, there remains no guidance in fallible human opinion. Similarly, both here and in

[&]quot;A Saint in the Slave Trade" (Sheed & Ward, 1935).

America, the outrageous suppression by the Mexican atheists of natural rights, which are the boast of our two "democracies," stirs but a languid interest in the secular Press. American Catholics headed by their hierarchy, have latterly forced the matter into the news, and over here *The Times* moved, maybe, by the effrontery of an official denial of persecution, in a recent article commented with rather elaborate moderation on the iniquities enshrined as "laws" in the Mexican constitution. But because it is mainly "a question of religion," the secular Press in the main still holds aloof and will not consider, much less weigh, the facts. For this reason we are glad to be able to publish a carefully-constructed map showing how the "law" operates to prevent the exercise of the Catholic religion by banishing bishops and priests or by reducing their number to a wholly inadequate amount.



There are seventeen or eighteen million Catholics in Mexico distributed amongst the Federated States. In some dozen of the latter no priests at all are allowed by law, and in the rest the number is ludicrously insufficient. To deprive the faithful of priests, as the Elizabethans knew, is to deprive them of the Mass, the central act of their worship, and of most of the Sacraments. And yet the Mexican Legation says there is no persecution! One wonders how it will be "briefed" to explain away the witness of the above map.

Disobedience to Law

THE Mexican clergy are not persecuted, forsooth, but only punished for not obeying the law—the law which against all justice aims at their extermination. The noblest deeds in history have been violations of such "laws." The vindicators of national liberties everywhere have achieved their ends by defeating injustice embodied in "law." And if Christianity had not consistently been the champion of the rights of conscience, men could never have shaken off the "laws" which formed the voke of Cæsarism. All this is plain enough, but it is not realized how modern legalistic theories play into the hands of the tyrant. "Law is not law, and therefore not obligatory, unless it is just," says the Christian: "Law is not law," says the English pundit, John Austin, "unless it can be enforced." It has frequently been pointed out in these pages that Austin's theory needs only to be stated conversely-"Whatever ordinance can be enforced is law," to turn into the rankest Prussianism-Might makes Right. The lawyer, for all his ability, seemed unable to distinguish between a just law and an effective law. Of course, law depends for its effectiveness on the sanction behind it, moral or physical: for its justice and moral obligation, it depends on its being in accord with reason, promulgated by due authority and conducive to the general welfare. There is so much modern legislation that fails in one or more of these three requisites that the public mind has become confused, and this may be one reason why the Press has ceased to be alive to the gross immorality of the Mexican mis-government. It does not, of course, follow that because a law is unjust, it may or should be disobeyed. Generally speaking, only man-made laws which contravene the divine law must, according to the Apostolic injunction, be disregarded. As for the rest, circumstances must decide whether the drawbacks of obedience are greater than those of compliance.

Desecrated Altar-stones

N the Lamentations of the prophet Jeremias (iv, 1) we read of "the stones of the sanctuary being scattered at the top of every street"—so complete was the overthrow of Zion. Those who abolished the Mass in Elizabeth's England took

similar measures to declare and effect their purpose. The consecrated altar-stones of the altars which they destroyed were, as we know, frequently used to pave doorways. For many months past, correspondents, mostly, to their credit, Anglican clergymen, have been writing to *The Times* to announce the discovery and rescue from profane use of many such stones—which are such mute but eloquent witnesses of the fundamental difference between the Elizabethan Church and that which it supplanted. In keeping with the destruction of altars was the equally effective mutilation of the ordination service, which made the conferring of valid Orders impossible. The Establishment may have rejected many of Luther's "reforms," but it imbibed only too successfully his satanic hatred of the Mass. It had no use for Sacrifice or Priest.

Love's Release

HEN the sweet outward forms of Love are fled
And all this life, stripp'd bare, seems cold and dry,
Since the soft sanctions of delight are dead,
And now nor lips nor cheek nor hand are nigh;
When now no more is heard the enchanting voice
And no bright smile reflects the summer sun—
That music which could make one world rejoice,
That light, outshining stars when day is done—

Then in his naked strength doth Love arise,
No more the slave of dear but earthly things,
And mounted on the breath of sacrifice
Soars like a lark and to the morning sings.
For Love is spirit, child of heavenly birth,
Not to be cramp'd and cribb'd by the dull earth.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.

WHY EUCHARISTIC CONGRESSES?

N the ship by which I returned from Australia to England, an official said to me—he was not, of course, a Catholic—"I hope your Congress went off well. Personally, I cannot see that Congresses, religious or not, despite their enormous expenditure of money and energy, are really of the slightest use." I asked myself how I should reply to that, so far as Eucharistic Congresses were concerned, and realized that I never could explain it to a Protestant mind. Yet even we may find it helpful to focus our ideas on the subject.

Eucharistic Congresses are either international or not. If international, they enter into that series of which the thirty-second was recently celebrated at Buenos Aires, and are now one of the normal instruments used by the Church in her apostolate. If other than international, they will be national (as that to be held in Edinburgh next summer may be called), or diocesan (like the one held not long ago at Nottingham), or merely local, like the many which, in the Argentine, prepared during two years for the great international one.

Of course, there can be no clean-cut division, in the sense that many from other countries will come to a Congress that is essentially national (as they did recently at Melbourne), and no doubt, many from England will go to the Scottish one. All the same, we may own frankly that Catholics in this country have not been noted for attending these Congresses in sufficient numbers. To visit Sydney or Buenos Aires, would indeed have been a big undertaking, as it will be, two years hence, to visit Manila: but Amsterdam or Vienna, or even Carthage were not really too far. Expense, moreover, could be diminished: I was sorry that so luxurious a boat as the "Alcantara" was chosen as our pilgrimage-ship for Buenos Aires: the "Highland Brigade," by which I went in order to arrive in time to preach a preliminary mission, was practically as fast, perfectly comfortable, and far less expensive. Had it been filled, as it could easily have been, with Catholics, the trip could have been turned into a regular mission, as the French and Italian expeditions were. Half the non-Catholic crew would have attended such a mission-as it was, on the "Highland Brigade," the non-Catholic men

asked to have the Congress explained to them, which it was, both viva voce and by means of a typed statement of Catholic doctrine and its working-out in such a Congress. This was pinned up on the men's notice-board, and practically all of them afterwards visited the Catholic Seamen's Institute at Buenos Aires.

At what do international Congresses chiefly aim? First, at expressing the collective, united homage of the Church to God. Let us say: the "Catholic" homage. It is said that the Holy See is not fond of the word "international," and indeed "super-national" better defines the Church. Now it is noticeable that Eucharistic Congresses alone seem properly to transcend nationalism among fellow-Catholics. Is that because national antagonisms really seem intolerably out of place when the essence of an assembly is the feeding of all upon the One Divine Food of Christians? "One Bread: one Body." You might have thought that visits to Rome, to the throne of the One Father, would have welded national pilgrimages that happened to coincide there, into one. But no: we have watched the opposite. The highly-charged atmosphere of Lourdes may spiritually oxygenize souls to an exceptional degree: but there are few signs of this lasting long: only by a hair's breadth, we believe, was the erection in that sacred place of a shockingly nationalist inscription prevented after the War. Even so, the Permanent Committee of International Eucharistic Congresses has too often cause to watch the desperate efforts of politicians and men of commerce to nationalize and make capital out of these events. In one case, they almost wrecked the super-national character of the meeting: whilst there are countries where such a Congress cannot yet be held, for it would be made to appear some sort of ratification, by the Church, of existing and bitterly-resented frontiers.

Undoubtedly, the constant preaching of the Eucharistic virtues of Charity, Unity, and Peace during these Congresses makes a profound impression upon minds; and no one at Buenos Aires, viewing the war between Bolivia and Paraguay from the "Congress-angle," so to speak, did anything but most openly deplore it and register their conviction that it is an artificial conflict, and that it was only those responsible for it that prevented an armistice being made for the duration of the Congress, which would have allowed many more of both the hostile nations to attend it. I understand that many

went even as it was, and that there was no symptom of a clash between them.

Further, the national effect of international Congresses is multiplied ten-fold by the presence of other nations at them, and this in many ways. Thus, it makes it impossible for the "natives" to feel that the Catholic Faith were merely an element in their national life that could be taken for granted, much as their national dress or language could. The sight of so many others, differently dressed, speaking differently, coming there at great cost to themselves, and with intense devotion worshipping the Holy Eucharist-the only "magnet" strong enough to bring them there at all-causes at once "religion" and the Holy Eucharist in particular, to leap forth into uniqueness, actuality and vitality. This is much helped by the advent of great prelates from distant places; at Buenos Aires, the Cardinals of Poland, France, Portugal, and Brazil, and, of course, the Legate, not to insist on the multitude of archbishops and bishops, offered a spectacle of the structure of the Church such as the Argentine had presumably never vet witnessed.

We are often asked to recall that Eucharistic Congresses are not Councils. They do not define dogma nor do they legislate. Yet it is hardly too much to say that they contribute substantially to future Councils. For in each, some special aspect of the Holy Eucharist is discussed in larger or smaller sessions. In those discussions, it is evident that men of the highest intelligence take part. Moreover, the cooperation of the laity is particularly welcomed in this department too. The Universities always send a very large contingent both of professors and of students. The effect is reciprocal. Ecclesiastical authority obtains a great encouragement in its work for higher Catholic education; and laymen of intelligence cannot possibly retain-if they ever had itthe impression that the Church is obscurantist or churchmen ill-informed or narrow in mind or imagination. Doctors and lawyers also seem to me to form, automatically, very valuable groups: and the Press receives an object-lesson in what can be called "Catholic culture." This is an impression that we are not as yet succeeding in producing in England, where, for example, the great newspapers, and the B.B.C. itself, are able to carry on almost as though there were no Catholic "world" at all, with its immemorial and all-inclusive culture. This impression, again, is vastly intensified, precisely in so far as Catholic experts from many countries take part in the gathering. Alike, the unity and rich diversity of that culture manifests itself as otherwise it could not.

Moreover, though the Congresses do not legislate, they have their very practical side, and the subject chosen for discussion often leads directly to concrete consequences, and at least local legislation or organization. Thus at Buenos Aires. the topic discussed was the Eucharist, and the Reign of Christ in society at large. Men's minds were at once forced outwards towards practically every department of social life. to education, family-life, poverty and so forth: for in all these are points at which the ordinary life of man links itself with the Eucharist and the duties and privileges connected therewith. After Melbourne, an admirable impression was made in Australia by the fact that the hierarchy, despite its exhausting labours directly connected with the Congress, published forthwith a draft of social study and enterprise on which they had determined to deliberate, which made it perfectly impossible for anyone to say that the Church disregards actual conditions and has nothing to offer to man save devotional exercises and the promise of heaven. But to-day, no such problem affects one country or continent only: you may say that all serious problems are international: immense advantage is gained by the intercommunication of men from different lands, all of them intent on their own version of the problem. Indeed, at Melbourne, where I was catechized all day long, and not at all only by Catholics, about our housing problem and land movement, I had to be thoroughly ashamed of myself for knowing so little of either, and being able to make only so poor a contribution.

The problems discussed at Buenos Aires, however, became specific. One was, how to get the Holy Eucharist to people lost in the enormous spaces of the Republic, and indeed, how to instruct the population adequately in the doctrine of the Church in this and every other matter. I know that it was a great encouragement to the Argentine clergy to see that many another country had somewhat similar difficulties. Thus the Roman Campagna itself has, till lately, provided an analogous problem: Germany instituted a whole society for tackling the matter in her missions, and arranged for the supply of motor-transport—cycles, cars, motor-boats and even aeroplanes—to her missioners. Australia could tell of a young priest, aged twenty-four, fresh from Ireland, to whom a parish

of 120 miles by 300 once had to be assigned: and I myself came across a priest there who had to say two Masses each Sunday, and go, to say his second, on the first Sunday of the month, thirty-five miles; on the second, forty-five; on the third, fifty-three; on the fourth, sixty; and on the fifth, when there was one, ninety-eight!

As for instruction, anyone can see that no attainable number of priests or nuns could suffice to teach continuously even the children scattered over the illimitable pampas, not even were a self-sacrificing Congregation to be created like the "Joseph" nuns in Australia, who will live in groups of three right out in the bush, and not so long ago could not rely on Communion even once a month. Hence, the obvious necessity of equipping parents to teach their children better than they do-not so easy, since in those circumstances both father and mother are dead tired with work when evening comes, and ask but to have the children go to sleep. The creation of "lay-catechists" is thus seen to be a necessity, in "home" countries also, and not only in such "foreign" missions as the Indian ones where Father T. Gavan-Duffy has made himself the indefatigable apostle of such catechists, nor in those in Africa where, without their help, the lonely priest could nowhere accomplish his main task.

In Europe, I think we can see that the effect even of a national Congress in a small country, reaches also its neighbours. Any Catholic reunion of importance in, e.g., Denmark, makes its impression on Scandinavia and on Finland, and draws immense assistance from Germany and Holland. We might exaggerate this. But the effect of the Argentine Congress upon the other South American republics was great. It would be out of place to suggest why South Americans themselves were apt to think, and to make us think, that they had much less religion than they really had. Many causes had conspired to create a sort of paralysing human respect especially among men. This human respect began to get its first shocks in the years preceding the Congress, after the Pope's letter to the Argentine hierarchy in 1931, when young men took up Catholic Action energetically. It received further shocks as the local Congresses, rehearsals of the last October one, gathered momentum, and soldiers made the "Exercises" along with their officers, and midnight processions of men ending with general Communions deployed themselves with most unexpected order in the streets of

Tucuman, Rosario and so on. The great midnight General Communion at Buenos Aires was at once described as the "Funeral March of Human Respect" and could not possibly have been foreseen, still less the startling "falling out" of soldiers during other functions, demanding to go to con-

fession and even to be baptized. . .

But these spiritual shocks communicated themselves to all parts of the Southern Republics, even to Ecuador and Venezuela, which, I was told, are still anti-clerical in an oldfashioned way. Uruguay has, it appeared, been for some time apparently subject to freemason influence; up to the very last moment, its authorities were for refusing to give a civic welcome to the Legate. But when it became known that Brazil was preparing to greet him magnificently, and when newspapers began to come through from the Argentine (I rather think there was a newspaper strike just then in Uruguay itself) telling of the rapturous reception he received in Buenos Aires-a welcome definitely intended, in his person, for the Holy See-the little Republic, between these ponderous mill-stones, had to fall into line. But what mattered was that practically the whole population of Monte Video and the neighbourhood flocked to meet the Cardinal, and it became at once visible how totally out of sympathy with the mass of the people any anti-clericalism of the Government would have been.

Now, given the fact that all this had been prepared for by an intensive apostolate, largely lay, and that the Argentines clearly recognized that the work, even so, of the Congress really began after it, and were already taking measures to extend and consolidate it before I left, we must be careful not to imagine that these events and this fervour were but passing flashes of enthusiasm. The Congress was enthusiastic; but I was impressed by the sobriety and clear-headedness of those enthusiasts.

I come, finally, to what is my chief point—selfishly so, maybe, because it is directly concerned with this country. I have already owned that we do not as yet play our adequate part in these Congresses. I am free to say that Cardinal Ceretti, when Legate at Sydney, sent for me in the train on the way to Brisbane and expressed himself—not acrimoniously (he was far too kind for that) but forcibly enough—on the subject. He said that astonishment and regret had been felt because practically no one had come there from England.

I alleged expense; he brushed this excuse aside, adding that it was hoped that this abstention would not happen twice. (And I daresay that we might do worse than to establish some capital fund, such that ecclesiastical delegates, at any rate, might be able to afford so long a journey as some of these Congresses exact.) But I do not think that it is altogether expense or even always the impossibility of absenting oneself from work for so long, which prevents our taking more interest in these large Catholic events, once they are outside our island. I doubt if we "imagine" what the Catholic world is; I am quite sure we do not realize what is expected from us; I fear we still entertain national prejudices which are really not Catholic at all, but weaken our very Catholicism.

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It is certain that England will never be Catholic until she feels herself part and parcel of that general Catholic unity of culture to which we alluded above. The approaching canonization of BB. Fisher and More will offer many occasions for insisting upon that. It was recently well put, by a non-Catholic professor of history, in a most brilliant paper, that More was the last of the medievals in that he was conscious of the unity of Catholic culture (i.e., a complete view of, assessment of, attitude to life), and perceived more or less clearly that Henry was cutting himself off from this. Geographically on the fringe of Europe, England was proceeding to make herself culturally separate from all that had created, and was preserving, Europe, and from what alone is even now destined to save her from a mental chaos ultimately fatal.

Before I emphasize that, may I say that in proportion as this country defaults, and does not attend the Congresses that everyone else who is Catholic does, she consolidates the opinion that there is no Catholicism in England, and that has an effect far worse than we realize. For many countries are trying hard to "modernize" themselves. I may think that they lose much besides charm in doing so, especially when they try to do so quickly; the fact remains that they are doing so, and seek most of their modernizing elements from the United States and from England. Many of these elements are commercial; but others concern education, not least of girls, but of boys too. They consider, then, that all these good things come from England and the States, and that none of them are Catholic or of Catholic origin. How little may be guessed, abroad, of our Catholic situation here, may

be gauged by the fact that after I had given a Press-interview in Stockholm, the city was placarded next day with: "Father M. says there are Convents in England!", much as if I had said there were crocodiles in the Thames. . . This false impression, then, is still prevalent, and we are doing next to nothing to correct it, and, if we are noticeably absent from these international Catholic assemblies, we are only consolidating it. The prestige of this land is still great "abroad"we may even think, disproportionately so. Be that as it may, if the whole of England's weight be flung on the non-Catholic side, we are helping to prevent the Catholicization of the world, and that is a serious thought for those whom the Pope keeps exhorting to "regain what has been lost to Christianity, and to win what never has been Christian." But we are not likely to realize either our opportunity or our grave obligation, till we see with our eyes what Catholic life is abroad. For we are a people who depend rather on what we see than on what we hear.

But until we do see very varied and very large manifestations of the Catholic life, we run terrible risks of remaining shut up inside our British imagination, the walls of which are narrow and the furniture but scanty. I fear many amongst us are to be met whose notion of Catholic life is the keeping hold of what we have got, e.g., that a fair proportion of our people should not cease to use the Sacraments, should not make mixed marriages; should not send their children to non-Catholic schools. Hence, as a non-Catholic critic said of us recently, we, judging by Papal Encyclicals ("Quadragesimo Anno," etc.), are ahead morally of others on paper, but not in action: in business, in social politics, in amusements, we appear indistinguishable from those who (whatever their religious ticket) are not swayed in such departments by specifically spiritual principles and motives, and are not indeed aware that they should be so influenced. Hence, a kind of feeling, which seems to me to be increasing, among a (so far) small minority, that they had better get out of the whole thing, create a society all of their own (they feel they may be numerous enough to make that possible), and, rather like the hermits of old, make their impression on human society by totally rejecting it. We cannot deride the idea forthwith as quixotic or even pessimist; such men are at least refusing to share in a Catholic social life that is merely written on the margin of the national dossier and not influencing "England" at all,

and indeed it is hard to see how we are making any national impression just now. Conscientious objectors, in the War, had to be registered as existing, and a minimum of attention had to be paid to them as a nuisance; but they did not deflect any national current. Thus we, on the whole, who can be a nuisance occasionally when votes are in question, do not alter the directions of the national life.

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One of the best ways, maybe, of stimulating ourselves to perform a far greater national function than we do, is to undertake, as usual, work for some other nation or nations. Thus it seems to me a grave scandal that we took next to no interest, even, in Spain during her bad hours, and are, even now, taking little in Mexico. Private conversations made it clear that many Catholics were ready, in their laziness, to succumb to, and even repeat, half the calumnies that ordinary newspaper-readers retailed about those lands, not to mention South America. More audacity! What might not have been the effect of a band or two of good-tempered, open-eyed, fearless English Catholics, men and women, touring Spain during the persecution period, openly going to the Sacraments, studying the situation tactfully and without commenting on it, but giving us an accurate account of what was happening when they returned, as certain Belgian students managed to do, I was told, in half the villages of their country about Mexico. We could hardly be expected to go to Mexico, though one or two might have done so. But can the Catholics of the United States feel their consciences at peace, when they reflect upon the time it took them to do anything serious about Mexico, at the very time when non-Catholics, by no means all fantastic fanatics like the lady who wanted to revive pre-Christian solar cults there, were constantly visiting it and fomenting, even though unconsciously (it is hard to believe it), all that was anti-Catholic? Again, it is tragic that those we send abroad are practically all of them commercial men or athletic teams, neither of which groups is likely to convey much impression of our Catholic life here. And conversely, is it not tragic that practically all visits of "foreigners" to this land, often half, if not all, of them Catholics, should be engineered by "neutral" societies, and, despite all the efforts of the pitiably under-assisted C.C.I.R., should risk seeing, in London, only Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and not so much as hear that Westminster Cathedral exists?

I know well the generosity of our poorer Catholics, especi-

ally in the North: they have stronger convictions, apparently. than we southerners have, and more determination. But how I envy the vehemence of the Australian temperament, owing to which Australia, when it sees that a thing is needed, creates it out of hand. Do not say that Catholics are a far higher percentage of Australia's population than we are. That is so. But given their general level of income, the number and size and quality of creations far exceeds ours. Thinking only of London, it shocks me that Dollis Hill hospital, SS. John and Elizabeth's hospital, not to mention the terribly-needed hospital in Lambeth, for which Mother Burd gets practically no help at all, should not have all of them been completed (or, in the last instance, half built) years ago. A great deal more could be said about Foreign Missions and the A.P.F., but this article must seem already to be rather an ill-tempered one (I hope it isn't, but it is meant to express a very strong opinion) and also to have wandered somewhat from its Eucharistic topic (but I hardly think it has). When we do go abroad, we usually go to Lourdes, Rome, and to a smaller extent, Jerusalem (to so small an extent, that of the three languages spoken there, English is again allowed to associate itself wholly with non-Catholics, Anglicans at best). But these expeditions are devotional: we increase our own piety thereby. We do not study the Catholic life of France or Italy, and learn nothing from it. I see no lever strong enough to prise us out of our insularity save international Eucharistic Congresses, the more so, as I said, since they are a chosen instrument of the Catholic Church and not private concerns at all. Of course, I hope that the all-Catholic cruise, being organized by the N.T.A. for next August, will be a great success, educationally above all. I hope that lecturers, wellinformed yet popular, trustworthy yet vivid, will enable Catholics to understand part of the problems, the sufferings, and the triumphs of the lands they visit and not only exhort them to say their prayers in shrines there. The cruise can be apostolic! Nearly 1,000 English Catholics dumped into Spain are quite enough to alter the course of history itself there. But such cruises are particular and precarious, whereas the Congresses are Catholic and certainties.

We could have said more to refute the quotation with which

we started, but this, in these pages, must suffice.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

FRANCIS THOMPSON: MARTYR

ATHER ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J., was both a martyr and a poet, but he would have been a martyr even if he had not possessed poetic gifts. It was not in pursuance of his vocation as a writer of verse, but as a priest that he suffered. But, on the lower level as well, it is possible to discover certain writers who have, in a sense, equivalently given their life-blood on behalf of what they regarded as the sacred vocation of the poet. Prominent among

these is Francis Thompson.

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The word "vocation" has been frequently misused, and that in two ways. It has been confined to those who serve the Church either as priests or in some Religious Order, and, on the other hand, it has been loosely applied, without any religious significance, to work chosen either because it was found congenial or merely expedient. THE MONTH has lately recalled how, through this misuse, a priest-poet, Father G. M. Hopkins, was wrongly thought to have sacrificed his "vocation" as a poet to his religious calling. Yet to say that a man had a vocation as a poet only means that temperamentally and intellectually he was endowed in that way; the word thus applied is understood in a purely natural sense and without any reference to the individual's consciousness of occupying a specific place in a divinely ordered economy. So interpreted, the consciousness of a poetic vocation would carry with it no moral obligation. If the potential poet neglected his gift and devoted himself to other pursuits, he would commit no sin, nor, on the other hand, would he merit any special reward if he followed his natural inclinations and gave his life to the writing of poetry. However, there is evidence, I think, to show that Francis Thompson's view of his vocation as a poet was something more than this. His very conception of his craft implies so much.

It is needless to quote the familiar passage in which he spoke of poetry as the helpmate of the Church, but it may be as well to say that this was no rhetorical flourish. The man who had wanted to be a priest did not turn to verse as something which released him from the high service of the Church. If he might not wear sacerdotal vestments he might at least

enter the sanctuary in the garb of a chorister. By the very nature of his task, the poet, he believed, must be religious; in him the mystery of divine creation is repeated. In "Carmen Genesis" he wrote:

Poet! still, still thou dost rehearse, In the great fiat of thy Verse, Creation's primal plot, And what thy Maker in the whole Worked, little maker, in thy soul Thou work'st, and men know not.

Bold copyist! who dost relimn
The traits, in man's gross mind grown dim,
Of the first Masterpiece—
Remaking all in thy one Day:—
God give thee Sabbath to repay
Thy sad work with full peace!

Still Nature, to the clang of doom
Thy Verse rebeareth in her womb;
Thou makest all things new,
Elias, when thou comest! yea,
Mak'st straight the intelligential way
For God to pace into.

Such a view of his calling could not but lead at times to a sense of failure. And this sense of failure, it is to be remarked, is something more than the disappointment with themselves experienced by all artists; there is involved in it a note of penitence:

Alas, and I have sung
Much song of matters vain,
And a heaven-sweetened tongue
Turned to unprofiting strain
Of vacant things, which though
Even so they be, and thoroughly so,
It is no boot at all for thee to know,
But babble and false pain.

Therefore I do repent
That, with religion vain,
And misconceived pain,
I have my music bent
To waste on bootless things in skyey-gendered rain.

It may be argued that Thompson was committed from birth to be a singer, a predestined bard who found it impossible to escape from his fate. But it cannot be said that the maintenance of the lofty standard revealed in the verses quoted was a necessity requiring no act of will on his part. To be a true poet, as he understood the matter, did demand voluntary self-dedication. To be the kind of poet he was meant to be, he must respond in a religious spirit to the high calling of God. It is obvious, therefore, that the fulfilment of his vocation must be a costly one.

The pangs of literary creation have become a commonplace. The lines that run so smoothly, we have been told again and again, have been born in throes of which the conventional scribe knows nothing. Genius exacts from those who possess it—so runs the tradition—a toll of mental anguish which may darken the whole of life. It is questionable, however, whether this is universally true. Shakespeare, for one, seems, so far as we know, to have been an exception. But, in any case, it is not with this type of sacrifice that we are dealing. These sufferings of genius are involuntary—the strain to create the ideal with inadequate tools. The endowed must pay the penalty of endowment whether they like it or not. The tribute which Thompson paid to his mistress, Poesy, was of a different character.

So also the discipline which he underwent was far more than that required for the technical mastery of his craft. It was necessary, he knew, that a live coal from off the altar should burn away the impurity of his lips before he could sing aright. This is the burden of "The Mistress of Vision." According to the view therein advanced, the cultivation of poetry is the work of the whole man and not merely of some special faculty. The highest graces are not superfluous. Only the humble, the pure of heart, the charitable can enter the mysterious realm where Song is kindled. It is to no fictitious pagan goddess he appeals, but to Our Blessed Lady herself. The same realization of the poet's need of spiritual and moral preparation is found in "Ad Castitatem":

But thou who knowest the hidden thing Thou hast instructed me to sing, Teach Love the way to be A new Virginity!

Do thou with thy protecting hand Shelter the flame thy breath has fanned; Let my heart's reddest glow Be but as sun-flushed snow. The poem concludes with a passionate repudiation of this world's gods:

Now sung is all the singing of this chant.

Lord, Lord, be nigh unto me in my want!

For to the idols of the Gentiles I

Will never make me an hierophant:—

Their false-fair gods of gold and ivory,

Which have a mouth, nor any speech thereby,

Save such as soundeth from the throat of hell

The aboriginal lie;

And eyes, nor any seeing in the light,—

Gods of the obscene night,

To whom the darkness is for diadem.

The note of self-immolation on this holy altar is insistent in Thompson's poetry. We meet it in "Against Urania":

Lo, I, Song's most true lover, plain me sore That worse than other women she can deceive, For, she being goddess, I have given her more Than mortal ladies from their loves receive.

This, apart from the context, is capable of a pagan interpretation, but not so the cry contained in "Amara Doloris":

Implacable sweet daemon, Poetry, What have I lost for thee! I witness call the austere goddess, Pain. Whose mirrored image trembles where it lies In my confronting eyes, If I have learned her sad and solemn scroll:-Have I neglected her high sacrifice, Spared my heart's children to the sacred knife, Or turned her customed footing from my soul? Yea, thou pale Ashtaroth who rul'st my life, Of all my offspring thou hast had the whole. One after one they passed at thy desire To sacrificial sword, or sacrificial fire; All, all,—save one, the sole. One have I hid apart. The latest-born and sweetest of my heart, From thy enquiring eyes.

O hope, most futile of futilities!
Thine iron summons comes again,
O inevadable Pain!
Not faithless to my pact, I yield: 'tis here,
That solitary and fair,
That most sweet, last, and dear;
Swerv'st thou? behold, I swerve not:—strike, nor spare!

Francis Thompson's Catholicism was not of the kind which can discreetly hide itself from the public gaze. It was loudly articulate. No more than Patmore could he keep silent on what was the most sacred of all subjects, and, like the elder poet, he was willing to provoke prejudice against himself and forfeit an otherwise attainable fame, won by a judicious cloaking of his Faith. The fashion of the age was setting towards a neo-paganism. Catholicism was represented by a minority, hitherto without participation in the nation's cultural life. Do we appreciate sufficiently, I wonder, the heroism of our nineteenth-century Catholic poets in taking the bold stand which they did? As we regard the contemporary situation, the fragile figure of Francis Thompson carrying the banner of the Cross into realms held sacred to alien gods assumes pro-

portions which we may fairly call heroic.

And this was much more than a question of literary reputation. There were more practical considerations. It is true that during his brief season of song the poet found the shelter of a generous hospitality, but we must remember that the intention, of which the later period saw the fulfilment, was formed under circumstances that might well have deterred one with less courage. There seems no reason to think that, if the help which providentially came to him had never appeared, he would have abandoned the dangerous ideals, fidelity to which had, from a worldly point of view, wrecked his life. It is almost inconceivable that he would have compromised with "the false-fair gods of gold and ivory" and debased the coinage of his song to suit a more remunerative public. He would have gone down, with all his music in him, in the mud of London streets, and only heaven would have known of the sacrifice offered on the altar of "Sanctity and Song." Because the course of events was otherwise, there is no reason to lessen our tribute to a singer who, in painful poverty and physical weakness, stood as another David, armed only with the Faith and his genius, against the arrogant Goliath of Victorian materialism.

Francis Thompson was not, of course, the only Catholic poet to take this stand. It would be unfair to omit mention in this connexion of Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., of Lionel Johnson, who also has been dealt with in a recent issue of The Month, and of Coventry Patmore. Thompson's case is more spectacular than theirs, but it cannot be forgotten that he owed much to the inspiration and mothering of Mrs.

Meynell and to the courageous example of the man who had sung of "The Unknown Eros." The literary achievements of all these heralds of the new dawn are receiving to-day the recognition they deserve. It is questionable, however, whether we are sufficiently grateful for their moral courage and for the service they rendered in assisting the recovery of the field of poetry for the Church. Popular opinion is apt to regard the poet as a somewhat effeminate creature. In any case, his fighting, if he should be a fighter, does not, it is supposed, involve him in real hardship or danger. But these men stood in the front line, they were the pioneers of a new Catholic culture, and, in Thompson's case at least, the enterprise was full of hazard. The heroes of brawn and muscle fade before the inspired audacity of this starveling of the London streets.

Reference has been made to the passage in his famous Essay on Shelley in which Thompson alluded to the divorce between sanctity and song. It is no exaggeration to say that he wrote that passage with his life-blood. Can literature and art be redeemed in any other way? Is it not true of them, as of the Church generally, that they owe their rejuvenescence to the blood of the "martyrs"? Poetry is the key-position to the whole cultural domain, but in the present state of things, it is the least remunerative of all the forms of artistic creation. For that very reason it tends to be regarded as a somewhat superfluous luxury that can be left to take its chances in the hurly-burly of the Catholic advance. It can be cultivated, it is supposed, only by those who have leisure and means. But we underestimate the importance of the bard's function, and consequently we underestimate the extent of the sacrifice it is worth making, in order that it should be exercised in the service of the Church. Dilettanti will never win back the fair province of song, so long lost to us. If Catholic art in the widest sense is to live again, men and women must be found who are willing to take personal risks. Honour to those who have taken, or are taking, such risks! Honour to every creative worker who is devoting talent for which the world would pay, to the Holy Cause that offers only the meed of a clear conscience!

Should we not extend the sphere in which sacrifices of this kind are to be encouraged? Is a journalism that is governed by the motto, "Safety First," doing its fair share in raising the tone of Catholic life? May there not be, even here, a

call to heroism? We are not required in this age to suffer at the stake or on the scaffold for the Faith. But the foundations of a fearless, and intellectually adequate Catholic journalism, it is suggested, can be laid only by personal sacrifices. The annals of that journalism which has made Socialism and Communism a power in the world, tell a story of hardship endured and dangers run which easily account for its success. It is a lesson which we need not be above learning from our enemies. But it is the troubadour, the poet, who rides ahead of the advancing force, flinging his sword in the air and ready to strike the first blow, and that is why we have written of him and the heroism of his calling.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

Madonna

COULD but my Jewel worthy setting find,
What wealth of Nature's beauty should I bring
To grace her charm: the radiant sun should fling
Gold-woven robes to clothe her, and the wind
Breathe balm about her. Should not each bright kind
Of fragrant bloom adorn her sojourning,
And every bird his blithest carol sing
To thrill the garden where she sits enshrined?

And how the pure blue main should smile before her And snow-tipped peaks cluster around at gaze! And silver-litten clouds stoop loving o'er her And woods invite her to their winsome ways, And all earth's loveliness join to adore her Whose life so shadows forth her Maker's praise!

IGNATIUS COLLINS.

MORE AND SCHOLARSHIP

T. THOMAS MORE stands as the protagonist both of the unity of Christendom and of the unity of letters. In emphasizing his merits as champion of the Faith, we may lose sight of his championship of Catholic Scholarship. That would be a pity, since More's place in the English Renaissance is high, and, indeed, unique. In More was slain the vindicator of true Scholarship. His epitaph well might be, "For one Lord, one Faith and one Republic of Letters."

It would appear that More stood alone, among the greater humanists of the second and third decades of the sixteenth century, in his vision of a single civilization. To his continental friends, Erasmus, Budée and Peter Giles, the revival of Greek letters spelt the overthrow of all intermediate learning-the Alexandrine "baptism" of Plato, as well as the culture of the Middle Ages. More, on the other hand, believed in natural evolution: civilizations to him were not episodes, disconnected and even discordant. They were links in the scheme of Divine Providence. They were inestimably valuable, since in studying them the scholar studied the craftsmanship of God. It has been said that the Renaissance in England was a Catholic revival; that all the great names, Colet, Grocyn and Linacre (the last-named a typical pluralist for, on taking Orders, he obtained prebends at York, Wells and Westminster, and held the rectories of Mersham, Hawkhurst and Wigan), were practical Catholics; not, as in Italy, where, under the influence of such men as Ficino and Valla, the Renaissance was definitely Pagan. There is little truth in such a distinction. In Italy atheism was recognized and tolerated. In England, no doubt, the literary giants wrote treatises against Luther and heresy, but their Catholicism did not go far below the surface: they were Catholics by tradition, unversed in the deeper experiences of the Faith. More, in contrast, was a Catholic Scholar in the widest and deepest sense, and in that he stood alone. His fellow-martyr, Blessed John Fisher of Rochester, some ten years older than More, was already too immersed in ecclesiastical and pastoral duties, when the New Learning reached England, to figure as a humanist leader. His acquirements were rather those of a theologian, nor did he learn Greek till he reached

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middle age. But his love for sound learning was shown by his helping Lady Margaret to found St. John's and Christ's Colleges at Cambridge, and he it was who invited Erasmus thither in 1511 to teach Greek, and who, five years later, sent Croke as unofficial tutor in the same language. More, on the other hand, had had the advantage of the first flowering of Greek scholarship in England. Prior Selling of Canterbury, had translated St. John Chrysostom as far back as 1488, but in his position he had few pupils to carry on his work. The revival of learning had scarcely touched the university life of the country before the second decade of the century. More at Canterbury College learned Greek of Grocyn, but the Grecians were as yet a small body with little influence. The official attitude of the authorities at Oxford was strongly conservative. Although Greek had a place in the statutory curriculum, even in the earliest days of the university, there it remained: it was not taught in the schools. By 1518, however, the enthusiasm for Greek studies and the newly discovered Latin poets had grown so great that the authorities, who had not learned the language, took fright and appointed a preacher to denounce it when the Court was at Abingdon. More, commissioned to answer the preacher, wrote a Letter to the university in support of Greek studies which we shall mention later. In defence of the conservatives, it must be remembered that one side of the Renaissance was characterized by the overthrow of traditional faith and morality. By 1518 the revival of learning was already identified in some minds with anti-clericalism and the emergence of Luther was no surprise to those who saw in humanism a direct challenge to Christian tradition. Yet More showed the true way of coping with the danger. All knowledge is from God and leads to God. Greek especially, the language of primitive Christianity, could not but help the understanding of revelation. The universities especially should have welcomed the new spirit instead of remaining immersed in a decadent Scholasticism. What that was in Spain, in the sixteenth century, we are told by Melchior Cano, in the seventh book of his "De Locis Theologicis," and the same was true of England. By their failure to seize the opportunity presented by the revival of Greek, and to direct it along the stream of Christian

¹ In a letter to Henry Bullock, August, 1516, Erasmus mourns the low standard of education in Cambridge at the close of the fifteenth century, "nothing taught but Alexander, Parva Logicalia, dictates of Aristotle and Scotus."

tradition, the official leaders of the Faith everywhere, in universities and houses of studies, allowed humanism to drift into an anti-clerical and revolutionary attitude which, joined with a longing for the wealth of the Church, prepared Europe for the revolt against discipline and authority which wrecked

the unity of Christendom.

Take as examples in England Dean Colet and the cosmopolitan Erasmus. They wasted precious years of crisis in taunting the obscurantists and attacking their futilities. Yet in their own hands lay the means of enlivening enervated Christendom. They were not constructive, they failed to see how humanism could be made to serve the Faith, and so by their abuse of the established order they paved the way to the Reformation with which neither had sympathy. More, on the other hand, was inspired to appreciate the true value of the Renaissance from the example—the failure no less than the success-of his brilliant contemporary Pico della Mirandola, his hero and guide, who had accepted the new learning with a zeal tempered with wisdom. For he felt how the new interest in Hebrew should lead to a further enrichment of the Christian tradition. Although Pico lost influence by wasting his unparalleled gifts in the barren pursuit of astrology, his effort stimulated the course of More's studies. To both Christian scholarship must be catholic, embracing all the fruits of the intellect and consecrating them to spiritual interests. St. Francis called on nature to help him to praise God:

Laudato sia mio Signore per suor luna et per le stella In ciel le hai formate clare et belle. . .

Pico and More called on scholarship to render service:

So every relyque, image or pycture, That doth pertayn to Goddes magnyfycence, The Lover of God sholde wyth all besy cure Have it in love, honoure and reverence.

It is illuminating to find that More's first public lectures should have been devoted to St. Augustine's "City of God." St. Augustine was the link in the fifth century between the social concepts of Greece and the social implications of Christianity, just as St. Thomas was to help, in the thirteenth century, to unite the metaphysics of Greece with the so far inarticulate metaphysics of the Faith. The cosmopolis of Posi-

^{1 &}quot;XII Propertees of a Lover," Mirandola, translated by More.

donius found its highest expression in the "De Civitate Dei." In his commenting on such a book More was imbibing the strong wine of tradition, experiencing the hospitable comprehensiveness of the Catholic appeal. "Graecis et barbaris, sapientibus et insipientibus, debitor sum"-gives St. Paul's summary of the scope of his mission. It is not the despair in Greek letters that enchanted More. The modern popularity of so many of the exquisitely-expressed epigrams would have disgusted him. Pagan despair was inevitably there but, along with it, there was a half-wondering, half-sceptical, hope that the Greeks glimpsed from time to time. The dominant note of Greek culture is not heard in the weary answer of the bound Prometheus-"not to know that is better than to know." It is heard in the "Republic": the ideal city which is actually described by Plato as "laid up somewhere in heaven," that heaven which is further described in the "Phaedrus" as a place "where abides the very Being with which true knowledge is concerned, the colourless, formless, intangible Essence, visible only to the mind, the Pilot of the Soul." It is heard in the drama of Æschylus, in the fourth and fifth strophes of the "Suppliants." It is implied in Aristotle's masterly treatise on genius, i.e., the invasion of the human mind by the divine. The Greeks were bewitched by life; they were haunted by its flight. God finally sent the true life to mankind-"In Him was life and the life was the light of men"; all nature awaited it, and in his impatience man fashioned idols in anticipation of the fulfilment, yet, behind all his blindness, there was the yearning for the manifestation of God.

Both St. Augustine and Bl. Thomas read the pattern of history correctly. Humanism, rightly understood, is no more than a full appreciation of the natural on which the supernatural is built. There was just as little need to ignore the Greek contribution to the common treasure of the human mind as for the early Church to forsake the inheritance of temple ritual, the psalms and scriptural readings; all of them pointing to a promise that had been fulfilled. Moreover, even when Aristotle came to be "christened," Plato was not forgotten by the Schoolmen, although many still hold that opinion. In fine, the truly great creative minds of Christendom have invariably widened the limits of scholarship, and

¹ Cf. Leopold Gaul, "Alberts des Grossen Verhaltniss zu Plato," pp. 87-91.

in doing so added their share of learning to the one sublime

synthesis.

More's scholarship received light from his Faith and this too, in turn, coloured his environment. How individual he was in his Catholic practice is worth noting in passing, so as to characterize more vividly the humanism of such respected churchmen as Dean Colet. More was far from confounding the relative functions of faith and reason.

And so reason must not resist faith, but walk with her, and as her handmaid so wait upon her that, as contrary as ye take her, yet of a truth faith goeth never without her. But likewise, as if a maid be suffered to run on the bridle, or to be cup-shotten, or to wax too proud, she will then wax copious and chop-logic with her mistress, and fare sometimes as if she were frantic; and so if reason be suffered to run out at riot and wax over high-hearted and proud, she will not fail to fall into rebellion toward her mistress faith.

These words were not addressed to the real Catholic scholars of the day, but rather to the untrained men of the New Learning, whom the theological vagaries of Germany and the Low Countries had led astray as to the proper sources of knowledge. "I cannot see," says More, "why you should reckon reason for an enemy to faith."

Next, More defines the comparative impotence of mere scholarship to secure the right conduct of life—this in reply to those scholars who, in their intemperate zeal, threw Christian tradition overboard in their worship of the New Learning and whose progeny were to infect the Elizabethan Court with their careless atheism.

This thing laboured the philosophers very much about and many goodly sayings have they toward the strength and comfort against tribulation, exciting men to the full contempt of all worldly loss, and despising sickness and all bodily grief, painful death and all. Howbeit in very deed, for anything I read in them, I never could yet find that those natural reasons were able to give sufficient comfort of themselves, for they never stretch so far but that they leave untouched, for lack of necessary knowledge, that special point which is not only the chief comfort of them all, but without which all comforts are as

^{1 &}quot;The Dialogue," Book I, chap. xxiii. The original has a long descriptive title, but was popularly known as "Quod he and Quod I."

nothing; that is, to wit, the referring of their comfort unto God... Howbeit though they be far unable to cure our diseases themselves, and are therefore not sufficient to be taken for our physicians, some good drugs have they yet in their shops, for which they may be suffered to dwell among our apothecaries if their medicines be not made of their own brains, but after the bills made by the great physician, God.¹

Or, again, there is that illuminating sentence from his first and his very finest apologetical work "the Dialogue," composed in 1528. "There was never written anything in this world that can be in any way comparable with any part of Holy Scripture. And yet I think that liberal sciences are a gift of God also, not to be cast away but worthy to wait as handmaids, to give attendance upon Divinity."

His own fixed position in regard to current controversies is perhaps most clearly set forth in that letter, already mentioned, addressed to the University of Oxford in defence of the Grecians.

Although no one denies [he wrote] that a man may be saved without a knowledge of Latin and Greek or of any literature at all, yet learning, yea even worldly learning as he calls it, prepares the mind for virtue . . . a knowledge of human affairs, too, must be acquired, which is so useful, even to a theologian, that without it he may perhaps sing pleasantly to himself but will certainly not sing agreeably to the people. And this knowledge can nowhere be drawn so abundantly as from the poets, orators and historians. There are even some who make the knowledge of things natural a road to heavenly contemplation and so pass from philosophy and the natural arts—which this man [the spokesman of the conservative party] condemns under the name of worldly literature—to theology, despoiling the women of Egypt to adorn the queen.

He himself was a perfect illustration of the latter practice. Erasmus, in writing to Von Hutten, speaks of the Chelsea household as a university of Christian religion rather than a mere dwelling-house, where the study of the liberal sciences is matched by the practice of virtue and piety. And, again,

¹ "Dialogue of Comfort," Book I, chap. i.
² "Dialogue," Book I, chap. xxii.

in a letter to Budée, Erasmus pays tribute to the unique character of More's scholarship, the happy marriage of faith and learning, and bears witness to his influence:

You complain occasionally that philology has got a bad name through you, since it has injured your health and made you poorer. But More manages to be well spoken of by all and in all respects. . . Formerly, learning had a bad name, since it seemed to deprive its votaries of common sense. Well, no journey, no business, however prolonged or arduous, makes More lay aside his books; yet you will find no one who is so companionable a man at all times and to every class, so eager to render service, so affable, so lively in conversation, or who knows so well how to unite solid prudence with sweetness of manners. Hence it has come to pass that, whereas a short time since love of literature was held to be useless either for practical or ornamental reasons, now there is scarcely a nobleman who considers his children worthy of his ancestors unless they are educated in good letters.1

Hence More was an outstanding figure in the political, social and learned world, recognized as such by his contemporaries. He had never much leisure for letters, as had Erasmus, else his literary fame would be even higher. Yet, although public business has caused scholarship to rust in every age, his diligence was such he could meet men of affairs and the learned on their own ground, and, whilst occupying high public position, maintain a household in which religion and learning dwelt in mutual harmony. In it Sallust found a place no less than did Nicholas of Lyra's commentaries on the Scriptures. The letter which he wrote to Gunnell, the Cambridge graduate, then tutor in the More household, cannot, because of its length, be given in full, but the following extract throws sufficient light on the great Chancellor's educational principles.

Though I prefer learning joined to virtue, to all the treasures of kings, yet renown for learning, when it is not united to a good life is nothing else than splendid and notorious infamy. . . Among all the benefits that learning bestows on men, there is none more excellent than

¹ Epist. Erasmi, 605.

^a Cf. the Epistle to Peter Giles prefacing "Utopia."

⁵ Father Bridgett and Mr. C. Hollis both quote it from the collected English works.

this, that by the study of books we are taught in that very study to seek not praise but utility. Such has been the teaching of the most learned men, especially of philosophers who are the guides of human life, although some may have abused learning, like other good things, simply to court empty glory and popular renown. . . To this purpose nothing will be more conducive than to read to them the lessons of the ancient Fathers . . . if you will teach something of this sort, in addition to their lessons in Sallust—to Margaret and Elizabeth as being more advanced than John and Cecily—you will bind me and them still more to you.

The fault of the world—worldliness in fact—consists in living without thought of the world to come: a foolish ostrichlike attitude leading to disaster in both. The household at Chelsea did not forget its "citizenship in heaven." It could and did live in two worlds at the same time. This explains the serenity with which, "once the field was won," More was prepared to change his abode. He proved to his contemporaries and to all time, the common sense of sanctity.

Why did his Catholic contemporaries, even the good-living amongst them, not follow his example? From what source, unsought by others, did he draw his greatness of soul? We who have behind us, during centuries of persecution, the glorious tradition of the perpetuation of the Mass, offered secretly at the risk of fortune or life, can best appreciate the outstanding devotion of More for the Holy Sacrifice. He prized the Mass in a society of which the spiritual pulse beat languidly. We have many evidences of this-the story of the urgent summons from the king that reached him while at Mass and his keeping the earthly monarch waiting till his audience with the King of kings was over; the contemptuous wonder of my Lord of Norfolk that England's Chancellor should act as a parish clerk, and so forth. But More's peculiar devotion is best seen by contrast with the conduct of Dean Colet, looked upon as a man of high principles, and benefactor of learning, like Wolsey, but unlike him in worldliness, an expounder of orthodox reform. He could be firm at times could this Dean of St. Paul's, and could accuse the bishops in a Convocation address of their "covetousness after high places." But this superficial zeal and decorum covered an incredible lack of real spirituality. Although he cannot be

¹ Sermon preached at St. Paul's, 1512, before Canterbury Convocation-

held altogether responsible for the brutal discipline that shocked Erasmus in St. Paul's School, for it was a rough and callous age, yet it was he that forbade attendance at daily Mass amongst the pupils lest they should lose study-time. And his own practice was only too consistent, for he himself could only spare time for Sunday celebration, since the composition of his sermons with their wealth of learned allusions took up all his leisure! To humanists of this tepid type it was easy to compose a defence of some assailed doctrine, but their hearts, perhaps unconsciously, did not go with their minds. What wonder that faith so ill-nourished failed so

many when the trial came.'

Not so the Saint of Chelsea, who better merits the title Sage than does a subsequent bearer. The Chancellor of England felt privileged to be the parish clerk of Chelsea. In the morning he served God; neither king nor humanism was allowed to prevent that highest service. In the event both the duty to king and the pursuit of letters were served the more perfectly because from the Mass More quarried wisdom and strength for the daily tasks. The renewal of Calvary in the Mass is at the same time the memorial of the Incarnation of God the Son. In so much as the Mass was the heart and centre of More's day, so also the Incarnation is the heart and centre of human history. In Chelsea parish church More grasped the true interpretation of history, to which interpretation so many of his clerical and learned contemporaries vaguely subscribed, but of which they were hardly conscious, so intent were they on their personal ambitions or on the revival of letters. The Incarnation is the centre of history. Greek Thought sought to grasp the meaning of things; the Greek endeavour was the attempt of the material to grasp the spiritual. The Incarnation made the harmony of spirit and matter possible, for it is the Incarnate Word who unites the human race with God. In Him was made one the Wisdom of all time. In the light of this knowledge and the strength of this faith, Thomas More became both Humanist and Saint.

G. A. FRESSANGES.

¹ Cf. the Prefatory Letter to Fisher's "De Veritate Corporis et Sanguinis Christi in Eucharistia," 1st edition, 1527, wherein the bishop attributes the lack of fervour in his day to a neglect of the Blessed Sacrament.

A CREED OUTWORN?

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HE "Transatlantic," on her way to Southampton from the States, passed slowly up the Solent which glittered in the early sunlight of a spring morning. with the gleaming white cliffs and green turf of the Isle of Wight above Cowes to starboard, and to port the wooded estuary of the Beaulieu River. Beyond, the vast expanse of the New Forest rolled away inland, fold after rising fold, mile upon mile: a manifold marvel of spring beauty, gay with the myriad tints of young leaves and the heavenly blue of hyacinth carpets under the tall beeches, with the swift stirring of young wild things and the melodious ecstasy of all the birds who dwelt in sanctuary there, like the fugitives of old at Beaulieu Priory hard by. Swinging with the tide up Southampton Water, the liner presently uttered her deep organ-note of warning which re-echoed through the silence of early morning, as her vast graceful form moved inland and the distant green slopes of the downs about Winchester,

treasury of England's history, came into sight.

High on those piled decks two men leant on the taffrail, absorbing the view in silence; it was after breakfast, but one was an American-Scot, visiting Europe on business, and the other was a Big Business man, who had no use for unprofitable small-talk, especially with strangers. Facile ship-board acquaintance was, for him, beneath contempt. The Scot, a long, lean man with a hard face belied by the clear light in his deep-set eyes, had sized up his neighbour accurately at the beginning of the voyage: outwardly, he returned the other's silent contempt with interest. But inwardly the man interested him, as being astonishingly true to type yet with a variation out of keeping with his whole character. For almost the only sign of common humanity he had shown was a love of music (the real thing) evidently amounting to a passion: once the observant Scot had even seen him desert a millionaire at the outset of an obvious deal to go and listen to a singularly fine rendering of "Parsifal" on the radio. Mere pleasure in music would not have attracted Maclean's attention; too obviously the other was not accustomed to stint his pleasures. But to sacrifice his own golden opportunity, as if drawn irresistibly against his will, was interesting.

The liner hooted again as the impertinent little busybodies of tugs closed fussily round her mighty bulk. When the prolonged note had re-echoed into silence, Maclean began to fill his pipe, slowly and luxuriously; as he did so, he whistled an air very softly. His exquisite liquid whistling was his one musical talent, and he knew it. He also noticed that his companion started instantly, dropped his field glasses and stood very still, listening intently. Maclean repeated the melody, with perfect modulation and precision, then ceased abruptly, lit his pipe with care, and leant on the rail again, drawing long, slow puffs contentedly.

"Say, would you mind telling me what that tune was?"

asked the man of money, reluctantly but inevitably.

Maclean's deep-set eyes twinkled slightly as he removed his pipe at once to reply courteously, but with chilling casualness, "Oh, that's the Haec Dies—rather a florid setting, but I like it."

His neighbour was mystified, as the Scot had anticipated.

"Afraid I don't quite get you-"

He explained, slowly and deliberately, between pulls at his pipe: all the while his eyes were scanning the well-remembered view, while the light in them deepened, but the rest of his face remained blank as ever.

"The words are: 'This is the day which the Lord hath made: let us rejoice and be glad in it.' They form part of the Mass for Easter Sunday. This is still Easter-tide, you know."

"Sure," said the business man, fastening efficiently on to the one familiar fact in this surprising reply and making a brilliant deduction, "then you're an R.C.?"

"Of course."

The laconic answer, accompanied by a surprised and politely veiled glance of contempt, nettled Mr. Junius P. Smith.

"Why d'you suppose it to be a matter of course, when it's the world's biggest difference of opinion, this religion business? Look how the churches themselves are always wrangling—"

"I'm not interested in 'the churches,' " said the Scot

briefly, "I belong to the one true Church."

He smoked imperturbably through the tirade of threadbare clichés which this provoked, as he had expected. He had known the wearisome phrases by heart years before—"all this

archaic stuff," "enemy of progress," "no time for all that nowadays," "modern life more sane and efficient," "religion makes folks narrow-minded kill-joys, warps 'em mentally," "get the best out of life instead of missing it all for a fairy-tale Hereafter." This last seemed to be the peroration. Maclean struck incisively in the pause.

"Then it follows that, since irreligion is paramount nowadays, it is responsible for the present condition of the modern world: and you are satisfied with the result? All this international talk about unrest and depression, excesses on every side and the general failure of a world run mad is just the hot air of the religious kill-joy? Odd that so many non-religious people repeat it, though."

Junius P. Smith glared at him, suspicion glinting from his humourless, shrewd little eyes, that looked puzzled for once.

"Conditions are not ideal, of course—never are: everybody admits that. But we're still suffering from the effects of the Dark Ages on man's mind: the old ideas die hard, in some countries particularly."

"Which, for instance?"

"Well, Spain-Italy-"

"Ever been there?"

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"I have. I was in Rome last spring."

"Then I suppose you noticed the rotten conditions, general backwardness, inefficiency in public services, spineless slackness, blocking all progress—"

"Oh, I grant you they've speeded up general efficiency," said Mr. Smith a little hastily, "but the people as a whole are still miles behind the times, sunk in superstition, a priest-ridden, excitable lot, feelings easily exploited by the Roman Church for her own ends—"

"Has it ever occurred to you to allow for the big difference between their national temperament and ours? Try taking a northern race of Catholics as an instance, whose make-up we are more likely to understand."

"Which is there to take?" inquired Mr. Smith sharply.

Maclean exhaled a large cloud of smoke luxuriantly.

"Ever been in Belgium?"

"Belgium? Now that's queer. I'm taking this trip, on

business, to visit the Brussels Fair."

"Good," Maclean replaced his pipe with satisfaction. "As it happens, so am I. I suggest that you keep your eyes open in that country. If you do, you'll see true religion in full working order as it has been there for centuries, among a

hard-headed northern people we can understand; though, in fact, true religion alone fully develops the best all-round capacities of every race. But you must realize at the start that material prosperity is no concern whatever of religion, except incidentally. It's a mere accident of circumstances, which may be either a blessing or the curse of the race. Adversity brings out the finest qualities, prosperity very often causes degeneration; witness the old Romans. Money is a big power, but remember that the biggest undertaking the world has ever seen—the redemption of humanity and the establishment of Christianity-was achieved without any money-power. And lastly, it is only where true religion is flourishing that you find general sanity, efficiency in essentials, and real joy of life, people living their lives fully, for both worlds, with the zest that can only come of a balanced mind at peace on fundamentals. Think it over."

"I've no objection," said Mr. Smith thoughtfully, eyeing the approaching panorama of Southampton docks; he prided himself on his readiness to consider any new proposition on its merits, with an open mind. "If we meet again, in Bel-

gium, I'll tell you my conclusions."

The belfry of Bruges, standing up blue and beautiful in silhouette against a golden sunset, attracted all eyes and ears magnetically. From its open octagonal lantern streams of heavenly melody floated down to earth, sweet and refreshing as the May dew falling on the parched fields. In the Groote Markt a merry crowd surged continuously, a whirlpool of colour and gaiety, for it was the evening of Saturday, market day. A multitude of visitors sat drinking and smoking leisuredly at little tables under brilliant awnings round the

grey cobbled square that is hoary with history.

Maclean, sunk in a profound reverie of content at a table in the quietest corner he could find, was thinking how all this enduring scene, changing only in detail, must have appealed to that most lovable of British travellers, Blessed Thomas More. How familiar it must have been to him in the days when Bruges had just passed the zenith of her glory as the Venice of the North! Maclean's mind roamed on to the long line of British exiles who had followed him here, lingering for a moment on Charles II; how well the witty saint would have understood that witty sinner! Then he browsed on the past, picturing that memorable scene when, in 1150, Dierick of

Alsace brought back from the Crusades the city's most prized treasure, the tiny phial containing a relic of the Precious Blood: bearing it in stately procession to the chapel that was still as he left it; St. Thomas of Canterbury in exile, taking refuge at the Flemish court; Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, founding the renowned Order of the Golden Fleece here on his wedding-day in 1430; the dazzling brilliance of the celebrations when Charles the Bold married Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV of England, in 1468; the banquet, and the glittering tourney of the Golden Tree fought here in this old square; Caxton at his press here producing the first printed book in English for Duchess Margaret.

Then the loveliness of the celestial music floating down from those mellow bells captured his whole attention again. Their final melody was a bitter-sweet eighteenth-century Minuet, very clear and precise and stately, haunted with a tender wistfulness that was somehow like a grave child unable to play gaily. In the silence that followed, the spell was broken by a

voice at the Scot's ebow.

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"Some music, that. Glad to meet you again!"

Maclean swung round to greet Mr. Junius P. Smith, looking more prosperous than ever now he had concluded several big deals in Brussels. He had much to say of the Fair; Maclean ordered drinks, lit a pipe and waited attentively till he had run down, slightly bored and anxious to get to the point, where they had left their argument a month before.

"Well, what about those conclusions you promised to tell me if we met again?" he struck in, when a pause came at last.

Mr. Smith trimmed a cigar and lit it slowly, with an unpleasant grin.

"I guess I've a good deal to tell you about your Belgium—unemployment troubles, Red activities, sharp citizens who've nothing to learn about up-to-date business—no, sir."

Maclean continued to smoke serenely.

"Anything else?" he purred.

"Oh yes," admitted the other carelessly, "I've visited most Belgian cities, heard some of the finest bell-music and seen some of the best pictures, in this pocket-edition of a country, that a man can wish for."

But the Scot was not to be drawn.

"Not bad, are they?" he said, and relapsed into silence.

Mr. Smith drained his glass and set it down with a short, sardonic chuckle.

"You're a tough nut to crack," he said, almost genially.

"Well, I grant you that these people have got religion all right, as a nation. These handsome old churches are lived

in: they're not museums."

Maclean had a vision of continuous congregations of peasants, wealthy traders, smartly dressed women and unattended children of all classes frequenting the churches from early morning, on Sundays and weekdays. But he did not speak.

"Seems kind of spontaneous too, but" (admiringly) "I will say it doesn't spoil their capacity for piling up the dollars

when they get the chance, anyway."

"Fervour in religion and success in commerce have always been two of their chief characteristics, together with a passionate patriotism—witness the War, and their late King Albert."

"Nothing wrong with his successor-in their opinion, any-

way."

But this topic led him into a long digression of War stories, his impressions of the battlefields he had seen, and the amaz-

ing recovery evidenced everywhere.

"Nothing much wrong with the population either," remarked Maclean. "Fine, upstanding large families, healthy race: all united too, into old age. Not too much poverty about. Doesn't seem to depress the hard-working women much, does it?"

"They do look after the old folks here. You've seen the

Beguinage, I suppose?"

"Often. Notice that in these numerous Gods'houses they keep sacred the privacy of individual homes, even if it's only two rooms. Did you go to the Hospital of S. Jean yonder?"

"I sure did: those Memlings-"

"Some thankoffering. But didn't it strike you as a good place to be ill in? Not too much starch and disinfectant about it: clean as a new pin, yet homely and quiet."

But suffering and solitude left Mr. Smith cold.

"Fine type of architecture they keep," he remarked, "that new wing sort of grows out of the old without a break, but for the tint. Jolly red tiles they roof with: seen 'em from the top of the belfry? Down in the city they're mellow with age: further out they're just the same but for the brighter colour. There's a yard where they make 'em next my hotel. But what gets me is the—the continuity in this old country; they've kept the knack of these things. How do they manage to be so old-fashioned and yet so up-to-date?"

A slow smile improved Maclean's hard features.

"Because they've got sound principles; they're practical, all through."

Mr. Smith blinked.

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"Bit of a jump from roof-tiles to religion, isn't it?"

"Not at all," said Maclean incisively, beginning to enjoy himself. "Ever been in the Vatican? There you see the two-thousand-years-old Papacy applying its unchanged principles to every modern problem and using every up-to-date efficiency method: radio, telephones, lifts, floodlighting and the rest. Same sound principles—man was given intelligence and talents to help him to serve God better; honest work results from that, and beauty grows out of it naturally. All waste tends to be eliminated—and so you get efficiency and real progress, using the best of past and present, rejecting the false."

"H'm."

"Similarly, educated Catholics-students and thinkersprogress steadily, sure of fundamentals; using every help modern discoveries afford and rejecting false theories by the light of those essential certainties. Granted all shortcomings and present-day difficulties, take this little country as a whole, with its centuries of vigorous history. You get a deeply Catholic race, a fine virile people, intensely patriotic, commercially successful by sheer industry, yet highly culturedall the arts and sciences flourishing in university, schools and colleges-literature, music-well, you understand why their carillons are renowned—a school of painting internationally famous, and still Belgium is a home of artists: lace, craftsmanship, architecture. . . And you've seen how instinctively they retain their standard of these things, while the rest of the world is slavishly mass-producing child's brick-and-cardhouse styles. Now remember, all this is only a by-product of religion: the chief concern of religion is with eternity. But I've just taken this one little corner of the world to prove to you that real religion results in the fullest development of the best qualities of the race, and does not make narrow-minded kill-joys. Does it?"

"These people seem to make a success of the two," ad-

mitted Mr. Smith cautiously.

Maclean lunged forward suddenly over the table, fixing the other with his keen eyes.

"And now, who gets the best out of life-you or they?"

NOEL MACDONALD WILBY.

WHY NOT PARISH COUNCILS?

"It is not seemly that we should forsake the Word of God and minister at tables."-Acts vi, 2.

LAYMAN may be expected to return to the question of parish organization with some diffidence. The cold reception which the scheme put forward by the Parish Organization Committee has received in some vocal quarters might be thought to have disposed of the question and settled it for the present, if not for ever. And yet the running of a parish is so very much the layman's concern. This is surely so apparent that there is no need to state reasons. Furthermore, three circumstances conspire to keep the matter very much alive and to the fore. The first is the persistent fact of the Holy Father's call for more and closer lay co-operation in the work of the Church. The second is the success of existing parish councils. And the third is the demonstrated inefficiency of the existing system as disclosed by (a) the leakage and (b) the paucity of converts.

Early this year a paper was read before a well-attended and representative gathering in London by Father H. W. Mackey, O.S.B., on the work of the Parish Council of White-haven. Some report of the meeting and extracts from the paper appeared in a few Catholic papers, and there the matter appeared to come to a dead stop. But the information furnished by Father Mackey, and the inspiring story of the Whitehaven Council's success, give such a significant lead that one is left with a feeling of wonder that there should be no move to emulate this fine example of Catholic Action on

the grand scale.

Is everything so well with the progress of the Faith in England that there is no need of such co-operation as that envisaged by the Parish Council scheme? Are we going ahead at such a pace that any "butting-in" by an enthusiastic laity would be merely an unwarrantable interference with a speedy,

Is there no leakage? Are we making converts so fast that they cannot be assimilated? Is the conversion of England already within sight—a matter of two or three generations perhaps? Not until unqualified and completely satisfactory an-

swers can be given to such questions as these may it be claimed

smooth-running and completely efficient machine?

that there is no call for any revision of the situation and no excuse for the questioning of our present system.

Can we, then, brush aside, as not worth consideration, the proposals of the Parish Organization Committee? After all, these are proposals put forward by Catholic men of standing, eminent in many spheres and numbering some even whose work for the Church has been recognized and honoured by the Holy Father himself.

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What is the opposition to the Parish Council plan? Some of that which appeared in the correspondence columns of the Catholic weeklies when the scheme was first mooted was of the kind that would discourage any form of Catholic Action. But it contained no argument against the idea of lay co-operation with the priest, which is at the very root of the scheme. And it is difficult to avoid the impression that most of the opposition is based on incomplete knowledge or understanding of the motives and implications of the proposals. One or two first-hand examples will illustrate this point.

A priest in the north of England told me that he personally was flatly opposed to the scheme because of the utter failure of his own parish men's club. "I gave them an entirely free hand; I did not interfere in any way; they ran the show just as they liked—and at the end of the year I had to step in and rescue them. The club was bankrupt. Do you think I am going to let my parish be run on those lines?"

Well, of course, this was no doubt an excellent argument for the re-organization of the men's club, but it was no argument at all against the parish council. Practically every word showed that this priest had no idea of the lines on which a parish council would function, nor of the part of the parish priest in the suggested scheme. Indeed, the circumstances constituted a very good reason for setting up a council in that particular parish, for if a properly constituted council had been in existence there the men's club would never have been allowed to get into such difficulties.

Another good priest objected to "having his housekeeping arrangements interfered with." Still another to "being told by laymen how he ought to run his parish." A number of similar objections have been put forward both verbally and in the Press, all of which seem to suggest that the objectors have no real grasp of the proposals.

Briefly, a number of Catholic laymen of standing have taken the Pope at his word in his appeal for more lay co-

operation in the work of the Church. Some of them have formed themselves into a committee and have given long and careful thought to the question of ways and means; finally, they have drawn up a suggested scheme whereby, through the revival of a practice which was common when England was Catholic, the laymen of the parish can, under the guidance of the priest, take over some of his more worldly cares and thus lighten his burden and leave him freer to exercise more fully than is now possible his ministry as a priest.'

For the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of studying the rules suggested by the Parish Organization Committee in their "Model Scheme," and in order to show how carefully the position, the rights and the privileges of the priest are protected, one or two quotations may prove

useful.

Rule I lays down that the council should consist of "a Chairman and not less than six members, of whom one-third shall be nominated by the Rector and two-thirds elected by the seat-holders in the Parish Church, and others being subscribers of not less than 5s. a year to the parish funds."

Rule 2 lays down that "the Rector shall ex officio be a member and Chairman of the Council and shall have a casting vote on divisions at its meetings." Other rules provide that "meetings shall be convened by the Chairman," and that "the Chairman or any three of the members may at any time

convene a special meeting of the Council."

Rule 13 stipulates that "The Council shall in no case claim or exercise any right to interfere in the times, nature or accessories of the services," and in the event of the Council being empowered to arrange a stipend for the Rector (the amount being fixed in agreement with the bishop) such stipend "shall be the first charge on the receipts of the parish (subject to the interest on any mortgage or other loan), shall be paid quarterly to the Rector without deduction and shall not be liable to be accounted for by him beyond the giving of a formal receipt."

From these extracts it will be seen that the objections referred to above simply do not apply; they can only be the result of not knowing precisely what the scheme proposes. It

³ Such a procedure is canonically permissive. "Any Parish Priest is free to form a committee to assist him in the temporal concerns of his parish, subject to the consent of the Bishop which, if wisely sought, would not be refused." (Statement by the Hierarchy, April, 1931, quoted in a communication from the P.O.C., and printed in Blackfriars, November, 1932.)

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will also be seen that the fullest recognition is made of the position of the Rector, and his control over finance is safe-guarded by the Rule which states that "All moneys received by the Council shall be paid into a banking account to be opened by them in the names of the Rector and two others of their number" (Rule 9).

The extent to which the Council can relieve the Rector of onerous duties, and duties which must interfere with his primary interests as a parish priest, is indicated by Rules 10 and 11, which provide that "The Council shall undertake and control and, to the extent of the funds at their disposal be responsible for, the maintenance of the fabric of the church and sacristy, and the heating, lighting, cleaning, seating and decoration thereof; as also the proper maintenance of the precincts of the church and of any burial ground attached thereon; likewise the maintenance of the structure and the landlord's repairs of the rectory, and all rates, taxes and insurance premiums on any of the properties mentioned in this clause"; and, if the Council think fit, "contribute to the provision, maintenance, extension or repair of any school-house, parish hall or club premises within and attached to the parish; to the provision of any new church, chapel, sacristy or rectory. . ."

To all this there can surely be no objection; but at this stage it has been said that while the idea may be all right in theory, in practice it "can't be done." In most parishes, it is said, you will not find the necessary individuals combining the three essential qualifications of ability, willingness and leisure; this applies particularly to parishes in what are called industrial areas. God knows there are plenty nowadays, and especially in the industrial areas, with the time; but in any case this argument, which has never been more than a theory, is refuted by the facts. Whitehaven is an industrial district, yet an excellent council has been formed without undue difficulty, and the outstanding features of its six years' existence are, as shown by Dom Mackey's paper, the willingness and ability of all concerned. In spite of acute depression in that area, in the hands of the Parish Council the financial state of the parish has steadily improved. A tremendous amount of work has been done which otherwise would have devolved upon the priests, and Dom Mackey's tribute is proof that it has been done well. Whitehaven's Council has now been functioning for six years with continuous success, and so early as the close of its first year it was already possible for the editor of the Whitehaven Catholic Magazine to report that "the sharing of the burdens which used to fall so entirely on the shoulders of the Parish Priest is an immense gain, which has become a new link binding

priests and flock together."

What can be done in Whitehaven can be done elsewhere. as is shown by the tributes paid to their councils by the Rectors of other parishes in which such organizations have been set up. After two years' experience with a parish council at Kidsgrove Father J. Y. Murray was able to say that "the priest has found not alone lovalty increase, but, much more important, a steady spiritual and devotional growth amongst the entire congregation." At St. Peter's, Stockport, as at Our Lady of Lourdes, New Southgate, London, the work of the respective councils has been attended with success and has earned the praise of the Rector. The oldest council in the country, at St. Thomas's, Wandsworth, earned from the Very Rev. Canon J. Cooney, who founded it so far back as 1901, a remarkable tribute. In all its long history "no difficulty or friction has ever been experienced," and its success has been such that the Canon expressed himself as strongly in favour of seeing such Councils established everywhere.1

Is it seriously suggested by any of the critics of the parish council scheme that there is no room for help of the kind contemplated? Are there no parishes where the spiritual work is hampered by material cares? If the work of the Church is to go forward, functioning fully and completely, progressing in the task of bringing our country back to the Faith, is it not just possible that the general adoption of the parish council idea would prove a real help in the realization of our common ideal? Is not something of the kind bound to come if the priest is to be allowed to concentrate on the "first things" of a priest's life, the things to which his vocation has called him? Is it not a tragedy that a priest should have to be, as he too often is in our changed conditions, jack-of-half-adozen-trades and master, in many cases, of none-not even his vocation! When a priest in a large industrial parish can say that he ceases to be a priest for the day when he has made his thanksgiving after his early Mass, then surely it were

¹ "The Laymen in the Parish," by Wilfrid Woollen, M.A. Sands & Co. Price, 6d.

time that something was done to alter an intolerable state of affairs, a state that can be good neither for the priest nor for his people. In this particular case the priest told me that the rest of his day was spent in purely material pursuits. Bazaars, concerts, dances or some other money-making scheme occupied practically all his time, so that he had no leisure for study or any form of spiritual exercise. "There are times," he said to me, "when I fear for my vocation."

A council in that parish would solve many problems. It would take that drudgery of money-getting out of the hands of the priest and leave him free for the more essential functions of a priest's life, among which we may well count the

reclaiming of the lapsed.

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We have not heard much of the leakage lately, at least not in public. But since I began typing this article I have been told of a family of ten, all lapsed. Six of them are married and are bringing up families outside the Faith. To those who concern themselves with these matters fresh instances

come almost daily.

How many lapsed or careless Catholics are left to their fate because the priest, like Martha, is too busy about many things and has little or no time for the saving of those drifting souls? In one of the most Catholic towns of Lancashire I was told by a prominent local Catholic society official that a street only a few minutes' walk from the church was known to contain some fifty lapsed Catholics. Efforts had been made to reclaim them by the S.V.P. and by the C.Y.M.S., but laymen were at a disadvantage from the start. Attempted visits were looked upon as intrusions, and reference to religious matters as "none of your business." Clearly this was a case for the priest, but "the priest never goes near them; he is too busy getting up stunts to raise money. There's a big debt on the church and that takes up all his time." In other words, while the priest was forced to give his time to duties far more appropriate to a committee of laymen, weak Catholics were drifting away from the Church a stone's throw from the presbytery. Let it not be assumed that this is any criticism of the priest. He is the victim of circumstances. The criticism is of the system which, because of the changing conditions of our times, now forces many a priest to put money before souls. Is it not likely that a council in this parish would relieve the priest of a financial worry which can be no pleasure to him and would afford him the opportunity and

time necessary for dealing with such a situation as was described to me?

Admittedly, no one likes to have his powers diminished: and it is, perhaps, a mistaken fear that the setting up of a council would detract from the position of the priest that has given rise to some of the objections to the scheme. I mention this because some criticisms of the idea betray an apparent sense of grievance, as though the proposals imply some reflection on the clergy or a desire to undermine their authority. That this is a mistaken view is, I submit, proved by the quotations I have made from the suggested rules. Criticism certainly is implied, but not of the clergy. It is criticism of a system which strongly suggests that it is no longer adequate to present-day needs. A priest's mission is two-fold: the care of his flock and the winning of converts. A system which tends to make the collection of money, for whatever good object, a primary interest in a priest's life, surely calls for more than mere criticism!

But the leakage and the paucity of converts are, together, the indictment of our present-day methods. These two impediments to Catholic progress show that the two-fold mission of the parish priest and his assistants is suffering serious interference. The leakage is now generally admitted to be one of our gravest problems; perhaps the gravest. What opportunity has a financially-harassed priest of tackling the problem as it needs? And is our annual record of conversions anywhere near what it ought to be? We count some 12,000 converts each year. There are in England and Wales some 2,400 parish churches and public chapels. This gives an average of five converts per church. But many conversions are due to causes quite distinct from any particular parish effort. Numbers "read" themselves into the Church; the Catholic Truth Society, the Catholic Evidence Guild and other lay societies are directly responsible for many converts whose first contact with the priest is when they go to ask to be received. The average to be credited primarily to any conversion-effort of the parish priest is much less than five per annum. Can this be considered even moderately satisfactory? We know, of course, that many churches have a very fine record of conversions each year, and that many individual priests have brought large numbers into the Church;

but this only reduces the number to be averaged out among

the rest. How many churches are there whose annual return is nil?

Is not this state of affairs of itself good evidence that the priests of England are being hampered by something in their work of bringing our country back to the Faith? And with a zealous clergy this something can only be of a material, or worldly, nature. This is what is recognized by the advocates of the helpful parish council, and it is this grave consideration that prompts them to ask for a sympathetic review of their

proposals.

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I am not a member of the P.O.C. I am not directly concerned in the movement and I have no claim to speak or write on the Committee's behalf. Such conclusions as I have arrived at have been derived from a close interest in the progress of Catholicism as the only antidote to the forces which threaten to destroy Christian civilization in England as elsewhere. Observation (aided by advantages not ordinarily granted to a layman) shows that this progress is lamentably slow; it also shows that there are zealous, hard-working and overworked priests all over the country having their main work as priests obstructed and, in some cases, rendered nearly void, by material cares and considerations which need not, and should not, be their concern. The scheme put forward by the P.O.C. may not be the perfect scheme for every parish. As I read it, it is mainly proffered as a suggested basis upon which each parish may build according to its own needs and opportunities. But whether the parish council should be set up as still another parish organization is another matter. With the ever-growing urgency of co-ordinating all phases of lay activity and work for the Faith, it would surely be far better that the work of assisting in the temporal affairs of the parish be made part of the general scheme of our much needed and long overdue national Catholic Action.

T. W. C. CURD.

EDITORIAL NOTE

All contributions submitted to the Editor must be typed and be accompanied by a sufficiently large stamped addressed envelope—stamps alone will not suffice. Articles so submitted should be concerned with matters of general interest, and be the fruit of expert knowledge or original research. They should not ordinarily exceed 3,500 words, and must be intended for exclusive publication in the "Month," if accepted. As a general rule, subjects dealing with the exposition of theology and ethics are reserved to the staff.

SOCIOLOGY OF HUMANISM

R. MARTELLO, secludedly scraping a strictly sectarian violoncello, may be taken as symbol of a position often enough adopted in practice, or advocated as an ideal in theory, among Catholics, a position of supernatural segregation and bastioned elevation. If Mr. Martello forsake for a moment his 'cello and gaze at the world about him, it is over insurmountable battlements that he will transitorily peer.1 That such an attitude is an unChristian thing ought not, surely, to be matter for debate, vet it has always been so. St. Thomas was forced to fight for a true appraisal of the relation of nature and supernature in his own day; his battle is not vet won, even in ours.

Admit that man is a social animal (we may take that premise from Christianity itself), the problem is two-sided. What is to be the position of culture, humanism, the natural, in one's own life; what, in relation to the lives of other people?

Two books, recently published in France, should help greatly in answering these questions. M. Davenson's "Fondements d'une Culture Chrétienne" presents us with his own answer to the first question as he worked it out for himself. In the first place: "there can be no question," he says, "of abandoning culture: it would be a sort of suicide, an annihilation of our being. And it would be, too, something like a desertion. . ." If the discontinuist, who worships God on Sundays and himself on weekdays, is sub-human and sub-Christian, the deserter is non-human and unChristian. There can only be one solution. "Look everywhere for your wellbeing, your bonum, and seize it boldly." 4 That is the first thing. Vivamus. Enlarge and deepen the natural life to the fullest possible extent. But there must not be mere juxtaposition of different elements: there must be unity and coherence. And to this end life must be made organic; civilization must be built up about a single central world-view which may inspire its various cultural manifestations and give it

¹ For the sake of clarity it may be said at once that the considerations which Por the sake of clarity it may be said at once that the considerations which follow are concerned, not with any economic theory, but with a general outlook, which includes social relations, philosophy, culture, the whole of life.

M. Davenson, "Fondements d'une Culture Chrétienne" (Cahiers de la Nouvelle Journée, n. 27). Bloud & Gay.

Pp. 198. Price, 20.00 fr.

³ Ibid., p. 54. 4 Ibid., p. 130.

organic unity. For us, Christianity is that Weltanschauung: vet not every Christian has understood or understands it so.

Père Charmot, S.J., in the second book, "L'Humanisme et l'Humain," the first half of which is devoted to expounding the notion and necessity of Christian humanism, argues (in favour of the classics) from history. The validity of such an argument is, to say the least, questionable. The inclusion of pagan culture in the Christian scheme is to be proved from the nature of Christianity, not from any testimony of history, which indeed seems to point very much the other way. You have a pagan world rising painfully to a definition of the peak of natural perfection; the experience, the wisdom, the loveliness of Greece passed on to the great Romans, helped by the new phenomenon of the pax romana, the setting for spiritual achievement . . . the stage seems set, as one looks back upon it, the material prepared, for the coming of Christianity. But, in fact, paganism, always shrouded in darkness as to the major issues of life, contains within itself the elements of disruption; dissolution, intellectual, moral, material, supervenes; and when Christianity comes at last, it is a poisoned and largely unassimilable civilization that it finds. The heritage of culture is, therefore, largely set aside. Set aside at least in theory, for in practice we find even Jerome "reaching for Plautus as a man reaches for his pipe"; and the practical necessities of the study of grammar preserved the authors, to read whom for any other purpose would have been disgraceful, and the monks in consequence copied out the manuscripts, though not without a certain licence, as in the case of the manuscript which, for the lusisset amores of Tibullus, reads dampnasset amores; unless they follow the amiable example of the Byzantine monk who, sufficiently scholarly to copy Lucian with accuracy, salves his conscience by writing ὁ κάκιστε ἀνθρώπων-Ο basest of men-periodically in the margin."

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The battle over the classics is, of course, but a very small part of the major issue, for it is but a small part of the pagan heritage. It was not realized sufficiently that the Incarnation, the healing of human nature, meant precisely that the human values were now to be perfected, and embodied in something greater than they. The Christian synthesis, the City of God

F. Charmot, S.J.: "L'Humanisme et l'Humain; Psychologie individuelle et sociale." (Editions Spes, Paris. Pp. 524. Price, 30.00 fr.)
 Helen Waddell, "Wandering Scholars," Introd., p. xvi.
 Cf. Comparetti, "Vergil in the Middle Ages," p. 86.

upon earth, for which the ground seems so brilliantly to have been prepared, has never been achieved. Practical pessimism. the scorn of the natural, is present to-day among Catholics, as it has always been. "You meet," says Père Charmot,1 "people devout, sincere, upright, who are lacking in this healthy appreciation of things. . . The religious spirit, like all powerful mysticisms, soon leads characters not balanced by culture into error. They seek perfection outside man, imagining an artificial, mechanical type, a schema, of the perfect being, and forcing themselves to try and realize it against all the laws of life. They are working on a false model." It is the old error of supposing that one can worship God by being unnatural, that one can glorify Beauty by courting ugliness. The Cross, like the Incarnation, has been misunderstood; has been taken in terms of a defeat, "the reign of death," instead of a triumph. The object of humanism is included within the object of Christianity. "According to Christian teaching," says Pope Pius XI, in the "Quadragesimo Anno," "the end for which man . . . is put upon the earth is that, living in society . . . he should cultivate and develop all his faculties to the full." There is to be no separation between nature and the supernatural; each realm is distinct, and there may be tension between them, but they are not rivals, still less is the one excluded by the other. "The light which comes to us from the past lights up the present and the future. Christianity is not a system, nor the religion of a sect. It is the history of the world from its very beginnings. . . To try to separate Christianity from everything human and, therefore, from humanism . . . is to try and rob the Church of her proper characteristic, catholicity; to turn it into a sect." ' Despising nature and reason has led many a mystic into heresy. Any humanism is, since Christianity means the redemption of human nature, a kind of inchoate Christianity; it is the man who despises it who is the anti-Christian. Yet nothing is more prevalent than this attitude of mind, the spirit, so to speak, of the Martello tower. It becomes most evident, of course, in dealing with those who follow a different religious allegiance: in the emphasizing of differences rather than convergences, the tendency to suspect

5 Ibid., p. 123. 4 Ibid., p. 122.

¹ "L'Humanisme," p. 142. ² Ibid., p. 105. ³ In practice, of course, there is. Here as elsewhere there will be conflict of duties; there are the claims of specifically Christian asceticism; but the principle of synthesis remains, and must remain, intact. Adjustment in practice is the arduous task of the individual life.

evil motives, or at least to minimize good, the spirit of controversy instead of the spirit of charity, the reluctance to admit the existence of spiritual grandeur in other creeds. But the general underlying attitude of mind is much wider than this, for it dictates a policy of suspicion and even of enmity towards everything outside one narrow circle of interests. M. Davenson has, on this point, some very valuable words. "Do not live," he writes, "too exclusively with your co-religionists. ... Better to know and to love our adversaries, and the generous reasons which separate them from us. . . Love the poètes maudits, the blasphemers, the rebels. It is there, often, that you will find in all its purity the desperate leap of the soul towards Truth"; and again: "Learn to look beyond the little group in which you live, to appraise the élan which fires so many young men of our day all around us. . . Learn to see what unites rather than what separates." 3

Already, then, humanism as a norm of personal conduct has determined for us something of the attitude to be adopted towards society. But it determines, too, the general lines of

sociological policy.

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Labour problems. "Quadragesimo Anno" gives the humanist answer. There must be a living wage at least, that it may be within the power of the worker to be a man. The end of employment and of industry must not be mere utilitarianism, for the result would be, in the first case, the robot, in the second, the inhumanity of at least economic war. (Leonardo, dreaming of making his flying machine, wondered to what use it might be put; and his answer was that it might collect snow in summer from the mountains and refresh the burning streets of Lombardy. . .)"

There are all the problems of education. It is these which Père Charmot sets out particularly to solve. The object of humanist education, he writes, is "to form men"; to "enlarge all the human potentialities of the pupil by an investi-

ture of grandeur, of beauty, of harmony." '

"It is something to be able to think and write. But willing, loving, working, doing, these also are forms of human action. Humanist education comprises them all." The end, as the humanist sees it, is not to fill the mind with a multiplicity of facts, dogmatic formulae on the one hand, grammar, mathe-

¹ "Fondements," p. 131. Not of course that their writings can in every case be wisely put into every hand; it is a question primarily here of appraisal of motive.

² Ibid., p. 155.

³ Ibid., p. 33.

⁴ "L'Humanisme," p. 189.

⁵ Ibid., p. 191.

⁶ Ibid., p. 231.

matics, historical data on the other. These things are only the necessary material. The end is to produce an attitude of mind which may later develop into a true philosophy and provide the basis for a full, rich, deep experience. To use the classics merely as material for grammar is an unforgivable hysteron proteron; more than for anything else the Renaissance must be thanked for vindicating the absolute value of literature. "All teaching ought to enrich experience. If it is given through books, at least its roots must be deep in the realities. Whatever is 'bookish' is far from the humanist

spirit." 1

One important point should here be referred to on which one feels oneself in profound disagreement with Père Charmot. Insisting on the basic fact that Christian humanism "is not merely a co-ordination of Christianity with pagan culture, but an original synthesis," he, nevertheless, appears to draw the conclusion that the classics ought to be read and expounded in such a manner as to make them "improving" in the superficial sense, even, if necessary, by following the example of the man who laboriously and misguidedly turned the whole of the Aeneid into a pious allegory by making Aeneas the symbol of the soul. . . On a similar point, however, one cannot endorse too strongly Père Charmot's teaching. Unless the child is taught to doubt he will never learn to think; interrogeons pour faire douter.' One of the greatest menaces of our day is the dragooning of opinion by the readymade judgments of Press and wireless and censorship which prohibit judgment. The logical conclusion of the process which is going on is a race of sub-humans, of robots. They are told to like this and they like it, to disapprove of that and they frown on it. To form a faculty of judgment which is sane and free and true is the essence of the educator's task. It is the tragic fact that to-day l'humanisme populaire, humanism of the people, no longer exists. Père Charmot's greatest achievement in this book is to have suggested how best we may work to resuscitate it. On Catholics the responsibility of doing what they can lies especially heavy, for Christian humanism, precisely as Christian, cannot reserve itself to an élite. Humanism in the individual-une certaine douloureuse finesse dont on ne voudrait pas ne pas souffrir-is very far from being a sort of æsthetic well-being, a state of

^{1 &}quot;L'Humanisme," p. 196.

² Ibid., p. 221.

³ Ibid., p. 206.

⁴ Ibid., p. 322.

being comfortable; humanism in society (and "the isolated humanist is living a paradox") implies an infinity of duties and self-denials.

Both these books deserve emphatically to be read, the one as being the history of a personal inquiry such as we are all obliged to make, the other as outlining the social, and more particularly the educational, consequences of the Christianhumanist solution. Among English Catholics these vital questions seem seldom to be even discussed; certainly, if one is to judge from the tendencies exhibited in the great bulk of the Press, there is little prospect of an immediate movement in the right direction. But at least one can set about the true ordering of one's own outlook, and accept, in one's immediate relations with other people, the necessity for charity, magnanimity, courtesy, which is its first consequence. Catholicism in England has lost, since the Reformation, its cultural and humanist traditions; it ought to shoulder the blame. "It is perhaps," wrote Claudel, "as a punishment for forgetting these great truths [the catholic unity of the world] under the influence of that Jansenism whose pestilential influence one can never sufficiently deplore, and for holding in despite a part of God's work, the great faculties of imagination and sensibility, to which some madmen would have added reason itself, that religion has passed through the long crisis from which even now it is barely beginning to emerge." 1

GERALD VANN, O.P.

1 "Positions et propositions," p. 174 (quoted Charmot, op. cit., p. 134).

"THE MONTH" AND THE MISSION FIELD

The Editor is constantly receiving appeals for THE MONTH from missioners. These, however deserving—and indeed sometimes very touching—he has most regretfully to refuse, as his "free list" is now too large to be increased. The Editor feels sure that there are readers who would be willing to send on their own copies regularly to some priest on the foreign missions. Will these communicate with The Secretary, THE MONTH Office, 31 Farm Street, Berkeley Square, W.1, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and the name of a missioner will be sent them. N.B. No Months to be sent to this office.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN HUMBLE LIFE

PART I

ANY people will still remember the little orphanage known as St. Mary's Home which, for some forty years, did splendid work for the Catholic education of poor waifs and strays in Brook Green Road, Hammersmith. The story of its first beginnings was told many years ago by Lady Georgiana Fullerton in her "Sketch of the life of Elizabeth Twiddy." We there learn that the orphanage did not come into being at Hammersmith, but in the congested district to the east of Regent Street. Elizabeth, a saintly working girl, who supported herself and her mother by cap-making, had chanced, about the year 1857, to find a tiny lost child in the street. The mother, on being traced, begged her to save her little girl from the Protestant workhouse,' for she herself had to serve a sentence in prison. Elizabeth and a friend of hers, Fanny Wilson, undertook the charge, and when one or two other orphan children, by some strange providence, were brought to their door, they decided that this work must be a special call from God. They were both of them destitute of resources beyond what the labour of their hands enabled them to earn, but some pious ladies connected with what was then known as the Immaculate Conception charity came to their aid, and, though the pinch of dire poverty was continually felt, they did not abandon their purpose.

After many vicissitudes and changes of residence, a suitable house was finally provided at Hammersmith, largely through the benefactions of Countess Tasker. There was, however, no adequate endowment, and great difficulties had still to be faced, but Cardinal Manning, and after him, Cardinal Vaughan, lent hearty encouragement, as also did the local clergy. It may be that the secular instruction was not always of the highest order, but the children, for the most part, grew up good girls who remained faithful Catholics, and

Little or no provision was made at that date for the religious needs of Catholic children in a workhouse.

It was on a visit of the latter to the Orphanage that a little girl, who had imperfectly understood the instructions previously received, replied: "Yes, your Elephant," to a question which the tall Cardinal had addressed to her.

who often evinced a touching sense of gratitude for the affec-

tion and care they had received.

It was in the year 1891 that the present writer first made acquaintance with St. Mary's Home. Just about that date the diocesan seminary of St. Thomas had been given up-the Sacred Heart Convent now occupies the site-and there was no longer any priest in Hammersmith who was free to say the weekly Mass without which it would have been impossible to reserve the Blessed Sacrament at the Orphanage. Thus it happened that for the next twenty-five or thirty years I went there every Saturday morning and came to make rather intimate acquaintance both with Miss Fanny Wilson, who died in 1000, and also with her assistant and successor, Miss Kate Looney. The recent death of the latter, after age and infirmity had, some time previously, led to her retirement and to the breaking-up of the Home, leaves me free to make use of a document which long ago she entrusted to my care. To print it in her lifetime in support of an appeal for subscriptions would have seemed out of place. But there can be no indiscretion now in publishing a considerable part of the contents. It is a fragmentary autobiography which, starting as a simple narrative of incidents in her early life, took the form as it progressed of a manifestation of spiritual experiences of a more mystical character. These are hardly of general interest, but the earlier part, as her own language shows, was not a disclosure meant for her confessor alone. Indeed, she used on occasion to speak freely of these memories of the past in talking to the children or to the friends to whom she gave her confidence.

"Miss Kate," to use the name by which she was always known to those within the Home, unquestionably possessed a very remarkable memory, and I often had proof of its trustworthiness. Her natural character, though later somewhat checked and subdued by religious influences, was transparently simple, while at the same time altogether fearless and downright. I have never met a person who was more incapable of posing, or of acting with some hidden motive of attracting attention to herself. She was in no way diffident, and she was apt to offer suggestions or comments on the impulse of the moment without reflecting whether they would be out of place. On the other hand, the rebuffs she sometimes received were accepted with the most unaffected humility, and she was always ready to blame herself for her ignorance and indiscretions. Her deep faith and trust in

God, as well as her conviction that the things of the spirit were alone of supreme importance, impressed all who came in contact with her. She never spared herself. When she took up her work at the Orphanage as Miss Fanny Wilson's assistant, she worked on for years without the vestige of anything which could be regarded as a holiday or a day off. At the same time, in spite of the fact that she lived to the age of eighty-three, she was always a delicate woman, and a complete breakdown after a period of special strain made it necessary on one occasion-so far as my recollection serves me. there was but one in all the time I knew her-that she should give up her work for a few weeks and go to some quiet place to rest. It was then that she wrote the greater part of the account from which I propose to quote. The original manuscript is a curious document. The circumstances of Miss Kate's life had not permitted her to have any proper schooling. Punctuation and spelling are, therefore, most eccentric, but no purpose would be served by printing a facsimile of what she wrote. The changes I have made, however, are trivial and quite immaterial to the substance of the narrative. It may be worth while to add, for the fact explains certain incidents which occur later, that Miss Kate in her youth must have been a striking-looking and rather tall girl with great refinement of feature. In 1801, when I first met her, she was forty, but by no means looked her age in spite of the illnesses from which she had previously suffered. Let me add that I print what follows mainly as a human document, illustrating very vividly the conditions owing to which many of the poorer Irish Catholics who came to England after the famine were in constant danger of losing their faith. It will be understood that I do not necessarily endorse the views expressed in the narrative: I am only sure that it is a substantially faithful record of facts.-[H.T.]

MISS KATE'S STORY

CHAPTER I

More than once I have been told to write some of the recollections of my life. Anyone who may chance to read it will, I am sure, bless God for His faithful providence, and it may help them to know more of His wondrous love for the poor and the orphan, and, where there is ever so small a good

will, how He blesses it and makes all work for our greater good, though at the time we cannot see so clearly as it pleases Him to show us later on. Blessed be His goodness and His

mercy to me.

My father came from an old Irish stock, but very young he married my mother, an English woman of a good Puritan and very pious family, though they were married in both Churches. Much as my mother feared priests, still she said she could not look upon my father as her husband till his priest had blessed their union. My father's family would have nothing to do with him, and he never corresponded with any of them except one sister, who made him twentyfive linen shirts for a wedding present. She was the only one that did not enter a convent and die a Religious, though she never married. I was named after her. My mother had nine children. I was the seventh; whether the five older than myself died without Baptism I cannot say. I remember my sister, who is still living, and the mother of fourteen, becoming a Catholic, but I was not even christened in the Protestant Church till I was ten. My father, though he did not practise his Faith (true, it was much more difficult then than now), would not let us be christened unless by a priest, and that my mother refused, so great a fear had she that the priest would bewitch her children. No wonder the effects of original sin showed themselves in me very early, as I am now going to relate, that you may see how soon young children receive impressions that are not easily effaced in after life.

I was born in 1851, and my mother died in 1854. One day she took me with her shopping at some drapers where she purchased many things. I. like most children, loved all that was bright and pretty. I remember wanting a pretty pink piece of stuff for my doll, it was taken away, and I was told I could not have it, but, young as I was, I watched my opportunity, and somehow contrived to get it and take it home unknown to anyone. Then I fetched my doll and began putting it about her, and said, child-like: "Look, mother, is it not pretty?" Though I am over forty now, I still see my mother's sad face trying to make me understand how wrong it was. She took me back to the shop, and made me return it, and show how I had contrived to get it away unseen. I can remember crying very bitterly, but it was because I had to give it back. Shortly after, there was a dreadful thunderstorm, and my mother took occasion to tell me it was the voice

of God, that He was angry with His people, and with me for what I had done. Then, when the lightning flashed she made me look up, telling me it was a little flash from heaven, and that it was such a bright, beautiful place, where good people went, and that though God scolded them for being wicked, He always showed them a little glimpse of heaven, that they might long to go there. Then she told me if ever I took anything again like I had, I should never go to heaven, but to a big fire with all the wicked and bad spirits, God's enemies. Then she made me say some little prayer.

About this time some of my father's sisters who were Religious in a convent in France, having just come to London to found a house of their Order, he thought he would help them, but my mother positively refused to let any nuns come into her house, even if they were my father's own sisters. This, I think was the first time they really had words. My father was by nature very passionate when put out; my mother calm, but very determined. We were taken upstairs and locked in. My aunts were not allowed to see us in case they might use any magic upon us, so my father was obliged to take them to a private hotel. I mention this fact because it

had much to do with our after life.

One day, accidentally-or shall I say providentially? yes, now I think so, for I have learnt much since-my father came across his elder brother who was then a medical man, and very clever; kind to the poor, and that, I think, is all the good I can say of him. May God have mercy on his soul, for he could not plead ignorance. He had been educated in Ireland as is the custom—the first boy for the priesthood. Thank God, however, that he was not ordained. He was too fond of pleasure, and, out riding during the holidays, his left eye was struck accidentally with the whip of a friend, and he instantly lost the sight in it, though after looking into his face you could not perceive the blindness. That was why he left college and became a doctor, and one of his brothers more deserving took his place. (I have always understood that my grandmother had twenty-four children, and she lived to a great age.) He took my father home with him, for naturally they were happy to meet. He was twenty-five years older than my father; he had married a Protestant, a publican's daughter. They had a nice house and garden, for my uncle dearly loved flowers. He had a beautiful greenhouse, and rather fine vines. I mention this because I shall have to

allude to it again. He had several children also. His wife was considered well educated, but she looked coarse and vulgar to my mother, and even to us later on. My uncle had the means to drink, and very unfortunately, he gave way, so that it seemed he could not live without it; so did my aunt. I think it was the first time my mother had seen my father come home in that state. Soon after he brought my uncle and aunt to visit my mother, saving: "My brother is no longer a Catholic, and his wife is a Protestant, you cannot refuse them," but my mother did not make them welcome, and, from what I have heard from my father and sister, she treated them so coldly, and my aunt with such contempt, that she was heard to say she would be revenged on her. The rest will show how she tried, but, as I said in the beginning, God's providence rules all, and it was to teach me many lessons, and how, later on in life, to be of use to others, having suffered and learnt by experience.

The beginning of all my poor mother's troubles came from my father constantly being at his brother's, or with him drinking, till he lost his employment, and then went from bad to worse. We became poorer, my mother fretted and pined away and died soon after giving birth to my little sister, who did not survive her long. Then there was only my sister, four years older, and my brother, fifteen months younger. I can remember kissing my mother, but she died away from us; and when they put me on her bed she had just received the rites of the Protestant Church (I mean the Lord's Supper). In blessing me she said: "I am going to the bright heaven where God dwells. Good-bye; some day you will be there too, but not now," for we had been taken from her when she was ill, and I cried to go with her, for I loved her in my childish way. When my baby sister died, I kissed her in her little coffin. She looked so pretty with her little golden curls. Father said mother wanted her in heaven, and it was such a long journey that she was going in that little box because she was asleep. Again I cried, and father said: "Mother would send for me, but I must be good and quiet."

As a rule, I was passionate, and very wilful, but I had great fear of my father. After my mother's death, he drank worse than ever, constantly lost his employment: then he would be steady for a time, and try to make us happy. The person who took charge of us, little by little, sold nearly all his things, or stole the rest. We were so lonely, my little brother and I,

for she left us much to ourselves. I cannot remember when I first learnt to read, but as I often read fairy tales to my brother I persuaded him one day when we were alone, to pack up our Sunday clothes and leave home to find the fairies. and we intended going with any ugly old woman, feeling sure she would be a good fairy, but as we then lived somewhere out of London, and it was all country roads, we met no one, and feeling hungry and tired, we determined to retrace our steps. My father had returned during our absence. and he was very angry with me, punished me severely, and sent me to bed. He loved my little brother, he was his only son. I mention this, for early I learnt to tell lies, and sometimes I would say to my brother: "Let father think you did it, he never punishes you like me"; besides, I told him: "If he hoped to be a man he must learn to bear pain and not cry, that was like a girl." Still, if I remember rightly, he never told a lie, though he often bore my punishments. Several times my uncle came, and other friends, and they drank much, and sat up late. Then one night my father did not return home as usual. After a few days my uncle came and told us father was ill, and we were going to live with him. When we got to his house, the pretty flowers and greenhouse struck us, for our home had become sad and dreary since mother's death. We grew very happy, running about the garden, playing with my little cousins about the same age, but somehow my childish instincts shrank from my aunt, and she noticed it. My uncle I liked, for when he had been drinking heavily it seemed to make him kinder to us. One morning he had us dressed in our best half-mourning for my mother, and he told us we were going to see father. It made us very happy, but when I saw him looking so ill and white on a hospital bed, and many more in bed, I felt very frightened. Afterwards, I learnt he had slipped, under the influence of drink, and caused a compound fracture of his left leg. When he could, he told the doctor who he was, and sent for my uncle. They wanted to take the leg off, but my uncle objected, and they allowed him to set it. He had been in the army as surgeon for several years, and, as I said, he was looked upon as a very clever man. Though he drank so much, spirits somehow seemed, outwardly, not to affect him. He said it nerved him and made him steady. We chatted to father all about uncle's garden and flowers; he asked us if we were happy. I remember saying yes, and that I would

rather live with uncle than go home; he had never punished me. The words must have pained my father, but he said: "God will reward you for your kindness to my little ones." My father kissed me more tenderly than he had ever done, and I then felt full of love and sorrow, as he said: "You will be glad to come back to your father; home shall be nice, and you shall have flowers when I am well, and then you will learn to love me." Oh! how glad I was to return to him what I am now going to write will clearly show. Two days after, my brother and I were dressed in old clothes, some of our own or my cousins'; I only remember I did not like it, and that I got into a passion, but my uncle said we were going out with him somewhere, and if we were smart he could not take us. Then he took us both to a workhouse somewhere in the east of London. How he put us in I know not, but I remember standing with my little brother and being called different names, and little Papists, then taken through several doors into a large room where there were a number of children, boys and girls, having lessons. My uncle came through with the gentlemen, and then he said he must leave us. I cried out, got into a violent passion as usual, but to no purpose. He left. They laughed at me when I called him uncle and they seemed to say to me: "Well, little Papist, you don't like it." I got quite sulky, but when we went into the vard (I can remember the large dreary stone place) walking and talking to my little brother, what possessed me I can't tell; as well as I can recollect, I was about six, but my passions were strong, and I felt I hated everybody there, so I said to my brother: "Let you and me be Papists and tell them so." I did not know what I was saying, but I knew it was something they all disliked, and I was bent on doing everything to vex them. So every opportunity I had, I said to boys or girls: "Well, how do you like us Papists?" just to vex and annoy them. Sometimes I was caned, but though it hurt me, it seemed only to make me more determined. "You may do what you like to me," I used to say in my passion, "but I will be a Papist just because you don't like them and hurt me." I used to try to make my brother as bad as myself, but he was a more gentle nature. All the bad I learnt there I should be sorry to write. Thank God, He has forgiven all, and it has served me in my present life to watch over and protect the young confided to my care from all bad example or evil influence. We are all so much more inclined

to learn evil and do it than good. It is part of our fallen nature, and without the help of prayer and the Sacraments a good life is difficult, as this little book will help to show.

How long we remained in the Union I cannot now remember. From my father at a later date I learnt most of what follows. My uncle called to see him, and had the cruelty to tell him where we were; that he could not claim us as he had put us in under a false name. It was his wife urged him to do it out of spite to my mother for the coldness (my mother despised my aunt because she drank; she herself was always a teetotaller) and contempt she had treated her with. You will wonder where my elder sister was all this time. My aunt had kept her with her, and she did not know where my father was, neither did they let her know where we were. My aunt's intention was to keep her and bring her up as their servant, but one day, thinking to be very clever, and give my uncle great pleasure when he was out with my aunt, she went to his surgery and began arranging the bottles to her ideas of tidiness, filling one big bottle with all the white powders, mixing everything hopelessly. When my uncle returned, his anger knew no bounds. She was so terrified that she quickly threw up the window, jumped on to the pavement and ran for her life. God and her good angel must have protected her. My uncle did not trouble to go after her. Where she went I never learnt, but in after life she told me some good motherly woman took her in, and for some time she lived with them. Later on she got her a situation, which was the means of her being received into the Church.

When my uncle left my poor father, the pain he felt caused him to have a kind of collapse. When the nurse came they thought he was dead. He heard them speak, but could give no sign of life. Late at night, they took the pillow from under his head, and drew the curtains saying he would have to be taken down to the dead house. Was it his prayer to the Mother of Mercy, as he always called Our Blessed Lady, or his sisters' life of sacrifice and prayer that saved him? God knows. Just before they were going to take him down, one of the old doctors passed through the ward and said: "What have we here, what did he die of?" He was just able to utter a moan and lift his eyes. The old doctor immediately said: "This man is not dead; quick, nurse, put him into another bed, this would be enough to kill any man." After bringing him to, the old doctor told the nurse not to leave him, but every

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quarter of an hour to put a teaspoonful of cold milk in his mouth. They continued that treatment until he was able to drink two quarts a day, so he afterwards told me. Gradually as he became stronger, he set about thinking how he could find us. There was a poor Irishman to whom my father had often been kind, my uncle also out of kindness had attended his wife free of charge, a thing he often did for the poor just for a little brandy. My father had the thought to send for this poor man and tell him my uncle's treatment of us. The man was a Catholic but not practical; though, as I said before, there were not many priests then or churches, and it was not so easy for the poor as now. He comforted my father, and told him he would come in a few days and bring him good news about us. Irishmen, as a rule, are very clever and generally find a way to accomplish what they undertake. He got round my uncle somehow and found out where we were and under what name he had put us in, then he also found out that my uncle was not so much to blame. My aunt had insisted on his doing it, and his only reason for changing the name was not to disgrace his own. My father thanked the Irishman for his kindness, but he was not able to leave the hospital for twentyone weeks. His sufferings had been very great, there were large wounds in his back where the bones had come through the skin. What anguish of mind he endured all the time God only knows, but he must have often thought of his happy innocent childhood days in Ireland. I am sure from what he often told me later on, he prayed earnestly to Our Blessed Lady, and promised God to lead a better life. If he had seen a priest he might have kept those promises, but the time had not yet come. He always wore the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel which his own mother gave him on leaving Ireland. I mention this because seeing it on him I said: "Father, why do you wear that dirty bit of leather?" (for that is what it looked like). He said: "I should have died in the hospital only for that, and then you would never have left the Union." I feared him too much to say anything, but I pitied him for thinking such a dirty thing had any power in it. As soon as they let him leave the hospital, though he was obliged to walk with crutches for some time, he went to that poor Irishman's home, and with his assistance set about getting us out.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

AN EARLY ENGLISH LITURGICAL RITE.

THE various liturgical rites or "uses" followed by Catholics throughout the world make a fascinating subject of study, and not least interesting are those which were once found in England. In this country during the Ages of Faith there were, apart from the Roman, four such Uses, of which perhaps the most famous was the Sarum Rite which was in reality followed far outside the boundaries of the Salisbury diocese. But equally venerable, though much less widely known, was the Use of Hereford, which had several distinctive features and endured for a long time.

The diocese of Hereford is probably the oldest in the kingdom and the presence of two great shrines, those of St. Thomas of Hereford and of St. Ethelbert, in the Cathedral, made the Hereford Rite familiar to thousands of pilgrims in early days. The Rite itself affected both the Breviary and the Missal, and at one time was followed, not only throughout the diocese, but also through a great part of South Wales. Unfortunately, the earliest known copies of the Missal date back no earlier than 1502, in which year they were printed at Rouen, only some thirty years before they were superseded altogether, and it is curious to remark that one of the four extant copies has an MS. marginal note appended, describing Henry VIII as "supreme head on earth of the Church of England" and Anne Boleyn as his queen.

But of greater importance are the surviving editions of the Breviary. Of these the earliest is the thirteenth-century antiphonary, now in the library of Hereford Cathedral, which dates from about 1265 and is the only known copy in existence, while other books of this Rite are the fifteenth-century psalter, now at Oxford in the Bodleian Library, and a fifteenth-century Breviary in Worcester Cathedral. There is, in addition, a Hereford ordinal of the thirteenth century in the British Museum, and a fourteenth-century collectar of the Rite may be seen at Balliol College,

Oxford.

Of all these, much the finest is the MS. antiphonary at Hereford, dating from 1265, which later on was printed by order of the famous Margaret, Countess of Richmond, the great friend of Bl. John Fisher and the mother of Henry VII. This Hereford copy, which suffered the Henrician erasures, was picked up on a bookstall at Drury Lane by a Mr. Hawes in 1834, and by him sold to the Cathedral. It is a beautiful specimen of medieval handwriting

and is practically complete, giving a directory for the canonical hours, and containing the antiphons, hymns, responses, psalms, etc., as do the modern monastic books, and in addition, there are inserted in a later hand a number of subsequent feasts, such as those of St. Dubricius (the immediate predecessor of St. David in the Primacy of Wales) and St. Thomas of Hereford. Noted also in the margin is the Battle of Evesham (1265) at which Prince Edward, afterwards Edward I, defeated the great Simon de Montfort, a battle which, by reason of its decisive influence on the history of the country and the proximity of Evesham to Hereford, was of great importance to the citizens. As a matter of fact, they were well acquainted with Edward, for after the Battle of Lewes, shortly before Evesham, he had been imprisoned for some time in Hereford. It is interesting to observe at the end of this antiphonary, in a handwriting different to any other, the insertion of the ritual for "the new solemnity of the festival of Corpus Christi" which had then just been introduced. Altogether there are few ecclesiastical manuscripts in the country which can rival this in antiquarian and liturgical interest.

The Hereford Breviary contains a great number of minute variations from both the Roman and the Sarum, which it would be tedious to enumerate here, but on the whole it was more elaborate than the other native Uses. It is, however, singular that whereas the Hereford Missal was usually most precise in its rubrics, yet when it comes to the versicles just before the Preface, at which point the Roman Missal gives such exact details, it is content merely to instruct the priest to stand "bolt upright." A notable contrast with the Sarum Breviary is the fact that, while its lections are drawn much more from tradition than from Scripture, most of those in the Hereford Rite are taken from the Gospel and the Homilies. At Salisbury they seem to have delighted in transcribing lengthy legends concerning the saints commemorated, whereas there is a stronger patristic, as well as Scriptural, flavour about the offices at Hereford, though these last by no means neglect the many local saints, such as SS. Damasus, Guthlac, Mil-

In conclusion I would mention that the Hereford Use was never followed over so broad an area as was the Sarum, and it is doubtful whether it equalled in influence either of the other two Rites, those of York and Bangor, but, none the less, it clung tenaciously to its own peculiarities, and at times the Hereford MS. manifests a pugnaciously independent tone in its marginal comments. The writer, as it were, thanks God that they are not as the men of Salisbury in their manner of celebrating the offices and rites. It is clear, too, that this Use had a real hold over the affections of those who were accustomed to it, so that they were unwilling to abandon it when circumstances led them to another diocese. In

burg, Osyth and Teilo.

illustration of this may be cited an Indult granted by John XXIII (the Pope elected by the Council of Pisa in 1409, at the height of the Great Schism of the West, when there were already two other Popes in existence), and dated May 1, 1413, in which permission is granted to Master Richard Kyngeston, Dean of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and formerly Archdeacon of Hereford (1379—1404), to continue to observe the Hereford Rite for the remainder of his life, he having been long accustomed to that Use and being unwilling to relinquish it. It is these variations and these local attachments which render the various old English Rites so attractive, and it is to be wished that more attention could be given to them by Catholic historians, for they are truly a storehouse of the liturgical wealth of the Church.

DOM BASIL WHELAN, O.S.B.

DUNS SCOTUS AT COLOGNE.

VERY few of the British tourists who visit Cologne year in, year out, seem to have heard of the old Church of the Friars Minor. And yet, after the great Dom, there is no church in Cologne that is more frequently or more devoutly visited, for it is the last resting-place of two holy men who one day may be raised to the altars. One of those men was a Scottish Franciscan who died in Cologne more than six hundred years ago, after but a few months' sojourn in that city, but in that short time left the little world that knew him so much better than he found it that German Catholics to-day venerate him as one of that great army of "golden saints" that are the glory of Cologne.

In that old Franciscan church behind the high altar is the tomb of the Venerable John Duns Scotus, whose life's pilgrimage began in Scotland and ended in the old city on the banks of the Rhine; whilst in the Chapel of St. Joseph is the grave of Adolph Kolping, the "Journeymen's Father," whose Cause is being sponsored by

Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne.

Kolping's grave provides the one splash of vivid colour amid the neutral tints around. Just seventy years have passed since he died, but the black and orange colours of the Catholic Journeymen's Association and the great bronze and golden laurel wreaths that flank the tomb with its border of fresh flowers show how real and living a memory the man still is who was the very embodiment of live Christianity.

Utterly different, but equally appropriate in its setting, is the other tomb, very close to the sanctuary and framed by a rather

¹ Kolping's great achievement in keeping the German Catholic worker steadfast in his Faith is described in The Month for August, 1931—in "How Catholic Germany stems the Leakage," by E. L. Kennan, S.J.: how much of it has survived the coming of the New Reich cannot be ascertained.—Ер.

pathetic representation of the Grotto of Lourdes. In life John Duns Scotus was a faithful follower of his Divine Master in his poverty and humility, and also a loving son of God's holy Mother and the first great champion of her Immaculate Conception. His resting-place is marked by a massive stone slab with the inscription:

JOANNES SCOTUS
SACRAE THEOLOGIAE
DOCTOR SUBTILIS
ORD. F. F. MINOR.
OBIIT ANNO 1308

The four countries associated with his life and work are duly commemorated in the inscription running round the border of the stone: "Scotia me genuit—Anglia me suscepit—Gallia me docuit—Colonia me tenet." I have frequently visited the grave when passing through Cologne and have always found it adorned with flowers. On my last two visits, framed thanksgivings for favours received were conspicuously displayed and booklets were on sale in the church giving a brief summary of the great Franciscan's life together with prayers for his beatification.

These little books are curiously instructive, revealing as they do that transvaluation of values that necessarily results when the life of a saint is viewed as a whole, and therefore in its true perspective. There is, for instance, no mention of the wordy warfare of the Schools, of the passionate loyalties of the Thomists and the Scotists, of those rival claims of Will and Reason that loomed so large in the controversies of that long bygone age. All that is human has gone the way of all flesh, and only the eternal values remain.

John Duns Scotus was born in 1265; of Scottish or Celtic stock, as his name implies. Duns, in Berwickshire, and Dunum (Down), in Ireland, both claim to be his birthplace. His uncle, a Franciscan, made himself responsible for the lad's education and, later on, also clothed him in the habit of his Order. According to an old tradition, John was not very bright at his books and stormed heaven long and earnestly for the gifts of knowledge and wisdom that he so sorely lacked. Then one day Our Lady appeared to him in a dream and told him that God had granted his prayer. From that day onward, John dedicated himself to her service and pledged himself to do all in his power to advance her honour and glory. And he made such amazing strides with his learning that his fame spread far and wide, and he became one of the most renowned scholars of the Golden Age of Scholasticism. His lectures at the University of Oxford were attended by students from every part of Europe, and two hundred years after his death his works were still being recommended by Bishop John Fisher, as a basis for theological studies.

But it was in Paris that Duns Scotus was to achieve his greatest triumphs. There, in 1307, the Immaculate Conception was announced as the subject of a public disputation to be held before the University and in the presence of the Papal Nuncio. Duns Scotus was invited to defend the thesis, one, needless to say, after his own heart.

It was on that memorable occasion that the University conferred on him the title of honour that we now find engraved on his tomb-Doctor Subtilis. Not only did he succeed in refuting every objection brought forward by his opponents, but he even seized upon their main argument to utilize it as a basis for his own. The theory of the Immaculate Conception, they contended, was contrary to the doctrine that the whole race of Adam needed the redemption of Christ, whereas Duns Scotus claimed that, far from being excluded by her Immaculate Conception from participation in the general scheme of universal redemption, Mary had been redeemed in an even higher sense than the rest of mankind, since through the merits of her Divine Son, she had been preserved from the universal taint in the first instant of her pre-natal existence. He thus formulated, some five and a half centuries before its promulgation as a dogma of faith, the Catholic teaching about Mary's great prerogative—the solution which even St. Thomas had not hit upon and which later the Council of Trent neither approved nor condemned, yet which was so reasonable as to win acceptance from

Fame, applause, the homage of the finest intellects of his age, left him untouched by any taint of ambition or trace of vanity, and he remained to the end humble and submissive to the voice of authority. At a time when the University of Paris counted him amongst her chief glories, he suddenly received a mandate from the General of his Order to proceed at once to Cologne. The summons reached him whilst he was taking a country walk with some friends and scholars outside the walls of the city. Without more ado, he set out for Germany just as he was, although, humanly speaking, the wrench of parting must have been hard. To the affectionate remonstrances of his friends, his simplicity and directness found but one reply: "The Father General orders me to proceed to Cologne, not to return to the monastery and take leave of the brethren."

Duns Scotus reached Cologne late in 1307 on foot, as represented in an old print, and with a single companion. But his fame had preceded him, and clergy and people, with the Archbishop himself at their head, came out to do him honour. During the few months of life that remained to him, he laboured strenuously by word and example to restore the fortunes of the Faith, and, as we have said, made a lasting impression on the city.

Cologne still holds and cherishes him. In view of the increas-

ing number of those who come day after day to pray at his tomb, in the present grave crisis of the Church in Germany, the authorities are considering the advisability of transferring his remains to a more accessible part of the church. In any case, our German brethren in the Faith are making a determined effort to promote Duns Scotus's Cause, along with that of their own countryman, Father Kolping. The earthly lives of these two men were divided by a span of some five hundred years, but their sanctity possesses that timeless quality which belongs to the Kingdom of God, and evokes the deathless spirit of Catholic brotherhood which here is the Communion of Saints and hereafter Life Everlasting.

E. CODD.

SANCTUARY-LAMP REFLECTIONS.

THINKING on what chiefly differentiates the private, personal prayer of Catholics from that of most other Christians, at least in the West, I can find no apter way of expressing this difference than by keeping before me the symbolism of the sanctuary lamp.

Thou ne'er-reposing sentinel,
Thou warden night and day,
Retainer in God's house to dwell
And deputy to pray.

Each morn the Sacrifice is made, And, duly through the year The solemn varying rites displayed, Unchanging thou art here.

The congregation comes and goes; Some kneel and pray alone; Day dims; at last the portals close; The human part is done.

But thee no hand extinguishes; Thy worship still ascends; Thy watch, thy flame perpetual is; Thy service never ends.

I have often thought that it expresses a symbolism excellently suited for treatment in music so that were I a musician I might try to compose something on such lines, some modest little piano-piece in the style perhaps of the Romanticists; I can even conceive of a sonata or a symphonic poem dealing with Catholic worship generally in which an intermediate movement would be devoted to this feature or one of the themes would be definitely associated with it. Maybe such fancies only reveal my ignorance and inexperience; anyway, not being a musician, I have had to do my best with what is, so it seems to me, a less fitting medium.

My purpose now is to speak not of the direct symbolism of the lamp but of something very closely associated with it, namely, the mind and spirit in which a Catholic tends to perform that typical act of private and personal Catholic worship which is known as a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. First, I would note that it isn't only an act of homage, but is also a visit or call of friendship, sometimes even of condolence or, to employ a more usual term. reparation; consequently, the prayer is generally more informal, more conversational and confidential than on other occasions, and the mind is outspoken, outpoured perhaps, and free utterance is given to what rises therein or, it may be, weighs thereon. But this, I think, isn't all. When a Catholic enters the church to make such a visit, closes the door, and kneels down before the altar and tabernacle in front of which hangs the sanctuary lamp, himself-or herself-perhaps the sole person in the building, perhaps two or three or a few more other similar worshippers here and there, he has often, I should say, the sense of leaving behind him partially and momentarily this alluring, exacting, engrossing, Earth as one day he must leave it wholly and for ever. He no longer sees anything of its familiar and characteristic activities; perhaps he no longer hears anything of them or, if he does hear, the sounds come to him faintly with a suggestion of remoteness, aloofness, alienation.

But while such a devout visitor feels himself in some manner and degree withdrawn from Earth and the sensible world, yet, apart from the exceptional experiences of exceptional people, he doesn't feel himself in the same manner and degree raised up to Heaven. I would rather liken his impression to those of a dweller in a foreign land making a visit on a personal matter to the embassy or legation of his own nation. The visitor doesn't fancy himself back in his native land. But he finds himself among surroundings -portraits, pictures, furniture, etc.-that recall it, perhaps very movingly. He is, too, once more for a little while among his own people and hears and speaks his own language with constant mention of and reference to things and notions very familiar to himself and the inmates, but quite strange to all outside. Moreover, the place is itself recognized publicly and officially as extraterritorial; in other words, it is as far and as really national territory as circumstances allow so that it can be viewed and treated by the visitor as an extension of, a projection from, his own, perhaps far-away, country. And somewhat similarly when a Catholic enters a church to make a personal visit, he too feels himself to be as far as circumstances allow in an extramundane place, one which in some measure, to outward perception and yet more to the inward eye of faith, presents itself as, so to say, an extension into familiar, spaciotemporal actuality of that eternal other world, the unvisited homeland of man's destiny and even perhaps,

in the case of those sufficiently equipped and fitly attuned, may be felt and delighted in as a faint, fleeting realization thereof.

One bred in or accustomed to such associations entering the church of another denomination when service isn't proceeding there will feel chilled by a sense of emptiness, cheerless and forlorn, of the substance gone and only the hollow shell remaining. But how do the worshippers in such churches on their side regard his sentiments in this respect? To the majority are not all such devotions on the best view spiritual narcotics, on the worst merely superstitious doping? Here's an appeal to human nature certainly, but whether on its better or on its weaker side? Here's an element in religion, one in some features not confined to Catholicism or Christianity, in fact rather conspicuous in some forms of ancient religion; is it an element without which religion is so far deficient or with which so far degenerate? Such an issue can hardly be dealt with apart from the general body of Christian doctrine and practice, though in regard to it Catholics would probably concede that even the best and highest things in religion have their characteristic liabilities to misconception and consequent misuse. My purpose here, however, hasn't been to justify, but to describe and express.

P. J. HUGHESDON.

Refugium Peccatorum

AVE, Mary. Flower of flowers, Fill these passing days and hours Full of love, that they may be Flowers themselves to offer thee.

Midst my weeds thou canst descry Naught to please a mother's eye— Ah, though only thorns there be, Take them, Mary, and pity me.

So, when to thy loved embrace Baby Jesus lifts His face, From thy hand, and for thy sake, Whitest blossoms He shall take—

Roses where were thorns before, Lilies that shall fade no more: Tell Him only, Mother dear, How a sinner brought them here!

M. V. GARLAND.

II. OUR CONTEMPORARIES

AMERICA: March 30, 1935. The NIRA and Federal Charters, by Michael O'Shaughnessy. [An appraisal of the ends and the achievements of the American National Industrial Recovery Act, and of the opposition it meets from Godless Capitalism.]

CATHOLIC GAZETTE: April, 1935. Apologetic Value of Work for the Poor, by Norman E. White. [Obvious, since true Catholicism must show itself in Works of Charity.]

CATHOLIC TIMES: April 5, 1935. Subsistence Farming in Belgium, by Comtesse de Meuss. [A practical account of how many Belgians succeed in "living on the land".]

CLERGY REVIEW: April, 1935. Non-Catholic Co-operation, by R. O'Sullivan, K.C. [Shows how several Catholic "positions" in history, theology and law have been reaffirmed by non-Catholic authorities.]

COMMONWEAL: March 29, 1935. The Knights and Catholic Action.

[Editorial, stressing the power for good of the widespread Knights of Columbus in U.S.A., and giving friendly counsel.]

DOCUMENTATION CATHOLIQUE: March 9, 16, 1935. Le Cardinal Pietro Gasparri. [Documents connected with his career: correction regarding his supposed approval of Anglican Orders.]

Downside Review: April, 1935. The Letters of Gerard Hopkins, by Dom Wulstan Phillipson. [A critical appreciation of the poet and of his critics.]

HIBBERT JOURNAL: April, 1935. Bede and Alcuin, by A. L. Maycock. [A fine appreciation of the achievement of these two Catholic scholars in preserving and extending Christian culture.]

IRISH ECCLESIASTICAL RECORD: April, 1935. Father Patrick Mac-Sweeney, M.A., by Neil Kevin, M.A. [A sympathetic appreciation of the late Editor of the *Record* as a man and as a teacher of literature.]

IRISH MONTHLY: April, 1935. "Why Hong Kong?", by T. F. Ryan, S.J. [An inspiring account of the works and prospects of the Irish Jesuits there.]

THE PRESERVATION OF THE FAITH: March, 1935. Keep Moving!, by Joachim V. Benson, M.S.SS.T. [A graphic description of the picketing of a New York store by Catholics belonging to "The Catholic Worker" in the cause of fair wages.]

"The Catholic Worker" in the cause of fair wages.]

TABLET: March 23, 1935. "Hibernia in Australia," by the Archbishop of Liverpool. [A racy record in a speech by Dr. Downey of the conspicuous part taken in the development of Australia by Irish pioneers.]

UNIVERSE: April 5, 1935. Catholics and the Land. [An Editorial stressing the religious and cultural aims of the Land Movement.]

REVIEWS

I--MYSTICISM '

N this second volume of the Works of St. John of the Cross which Mr. Allison Peers has translated and edited from the definitive edition of Padre Silverio de Santa Teresa, there is no falling off from the high level of scholarship manifested in the first. Mr. Peers, together we believe with the majority of modern authorities, follows Padre Silverio in his decision in favour of the genuineness of the second redaction of this work as preserved in the Jaén Codex, the claim for which is that it embodies a wealth of corrections and additions made by the Saint himself. The point has little importance, however, for the general reader, except in so far as it assures him that in this volume he has the ipsissima verba of the author instead of the considerably abbreviated and paraphrased version which has for so long held the field. The Spiritual Canticle itself, upon which the chapters of the work are strung as a commentary, was written by St. John in his conventual prison at Toledo where, it will be remembered, he had so little light to see by that he had to stand on a stool below the solitary window of his cell in order to read his breviary! The imagery of the poem is largely drawn from the Canticle of Canticles wherein, too, St. Teresa, St. Bernard, and many other distinctively "mystical" saints have found much of their inspiration. It represents, one may say, the very apex of the Saint's lofty teaching, the unrepressed and irrepressible outburst of one "in love with God." But no one should on that account think himself debarred from reading this book or unlikely to profit from it, any more than an artist. however humble, should deny himself the study of the great Masters under the persuasion that they could have nothing to teach him that he could learn. Our Lord has given to all of us a Great Commandment containing implications certainly no less sublime and exacting than we shall find here. Everything depends on the intensity of our faith, and that is a virtue which God will always make more perfect if we add humble petition to assiduous practice. Faith can move mountains of human incapacity. Once again we must express our sincere gratitude to Professor Peers for this most invaluable addition to the spiritual treasury now accessible to us in our own language.

¹ The Complete Works of St. John of the Cross. Vol. II, The Spiritual Canticle and Poems. Translated and edited by Allison Peers. London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne. Pp. 470. Price, 15s.

2-CATHOLIC APOLOGETICS 1

WE have joined together two books very different in style and presentment because of their underlying common purpose which is to justify the ways of Catholicism to the modern mind. Having quite distinct modern minds in view, their methods of approach must also be distinctive, the first keeping to the serene heights of religious philosophy whilst in the other we mingle with the sin and the saintliness of human practice. Father D'Arcy has had the harder task; harder in one real sense than had the Apostles themselves. They indeed had to persuade the incredibly corrupt and self-indulgent Græco-Roman world to accept the high and austere teaching of Christ, but their appeal was to those who already believed in the supernatural and who had some notions, however perverted, of deity and future retribution. In the case of the Athenians even, all that St. Paul had to do was to define and describe the "unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped. But our modern After-Christians have discarded not only revelation but "natural" theology as well, and in many cases have, by embracing sceptical philosophies, tampered with the very means of knowledge. One has to teach them to think and not misuse reason before one can appeal to its witness to the truth about God. And the portentous growth of modern science in all its forms has seemed to break the force of many arguments elaborated in times when Theology was herself acknowledged as Queen of Science and all owned her sway. So handicapped Father D'Arcy deals with great caution and courtesy with certain philosophical rivals of the Catholic explanation of the Universe, choosing as expositors several writers with whom the ordinary man is possibly quite unacquainted, and showing how thin and inadequate are the substitutes they propose. Then he develops the theistic hypothesis, refashioning the traditional arguments in support of it to suit the sophisticated intellectual palate of the After-Christian, and allowing always for the real longing for truth at the core of the most bizarre attempts to attain it. It is plain that the evil genius at the base of all modern religious speculation outside the Church is Kant, whose "doubts of the instrument" brought chaos into philosophy. A fine book closes with a glowing account of the Christian ideal, the fullness and warmth of which are emphasized by the alternatives discussed. Father D'Arcy's treatment is not for the casual reader, but presupposes a good deal of knowledge of current philosophical thought, but his style, always eloquent, is relieved by frequent apt quotation and is sometimes a very mosaic of literary allusions.

^{1 (1)} Mirage and Truth. By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. London: The Centenary Press. Pp. 204. Price, 6s. n. (2) A Saint in the Slave Trade: Peter Claver. By Arnold Lunn. London: Sheed & Ward. Pp. 256. Price, 6s.

Mr. Lunn, on the other hand, may be read with one's feet on the fender and with considerable interest as well as edification. He has made the life of St. Peter Claver-a Jesuit missionary who spent thirty-eight years, more than half his life, in alleviating by personal service of the most humble kind the lot of the most degraded of human beings, the African slaves shipped to Cartegena -a peg on which to hang an explanation of the ethical ideals of Christianity; and he has done so with no little skill and success. First of all, he clears the Church of the charge of condoning Chattel Slavery. She always insisted on the human rights of the slave, even when she could not secure his right to liberty. And it was no doubt her consistent teaching on this point that was the chief force in creating the public opinion which finally caused emancipation. But the life and conduct of St. Peter raises many other questions puzzling to the modern mind divorced for centuries from the Catholic tradition, and these Mr. Lunn tackles in his usual lively and telling fashion, with many a sortie into the enemy's camp and abundance of "modern instances." Catholic asceticism, poles apart from Puritanism yet confounded with it by the libertine, needs careful defence in these times and after Professor O'Rahilly's classic "Apology for Saints" (in his Life of Father W. Doyle) there are few better balanced than Mr. Lunn gives us here.

3-A SCHOLASTIC ON SCIENCE 1

HIS book aims at rescuing the reader from the childlike simplicity which takes the results of science for what they assuredly are not, namely, a metaphysical view of the universe." Thus does Dr. Léon Noël, in the first of its three prefaces, summarize the general purpose of this work. In his prefatory remarks, the author warns us not to expect a discussion of scientific methods, nor a plea for a scientific justification of the Scholastic position. "This book does not . . . hail Einstein merely because his theory of relativity of space and time smacks of the Scholastic doctrine that both are inseparable from matter. Neither does it rejoice because Eddington and Jeans have declared that God is a great Mathematician. And the reason . . . is because the Scholastic position in metaphysics does not depend for its support entirely upon empirical science." This is welcome hearing, when so much incense continues to be offered to the two eminent astronomers by non-Catholic apologists of religion. As for the smack of Scholasticism in Einstein's theory, only a super-sensitive palate, surely, could detect it. And the thorough-paced Peri-

¹ Philosophy of Science. By Fulton J. Sheen. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. Pp. xxiv, 191. Price, \$2.75.

patetic would certainly condemn as too modest the "not entirely"

of the final sentence above-quoted.

Dr. Sheen brings out very clearly the wide divergence between the modern and the Scholastic connotations of the term "science," but this not until the beginning of his fifth chapter, on the "Scholastic doctrine of Science." He opens with a brief historical survey of the relation of philosophy to empirical science, and after a short summary of the modern developments of physics, proceeds to a critical appreciation of the two most widely current theories of the philosophy of science, the physical and the mathematical. The latter half of the book is devoted to an exposition of the metaphysics of St. Thomas, and to the consequent establishment of a genuine metaphysical theory of science. Such a work has been long and urgently needed, and Dr. Sheen has accomplished it admirably. The treatment of analogy and of abstraction are particularly good. It is, however, something of a shock to read on page 165: "Naturally facts change, understanding here by facts what science considers as such at any given period." The author had already used the word "facts" in this debased sense more than once, without due warning; which seems a pity. Turning to material considerations, Dr. Sheen has not been too well served by his proof-readers. Apart from the inevitable crop of small but aggravating slips, not a few of the long Latin quotations from Scholastic sources, with which the copious footnotes naturally abound, are disgracefully mangled. And note 3 on page 31 speaks of "the red positive electron discovered in 1931"!!

W.MCE.

SHORT NOTICES

BIBLICAL.

THE last work published in the series of the Etudes Bibliques appears to be of considerable importance, despite its comparatively small size. It is an edition of the Canticle of Canticles, brought out by M. Guitton in the light of indications given him by the late Father Pouget, Priest of the Mission—Le Cantique des Cantiques, par G. Pouget et J. Guitton (Paris, Gabalda: 15.00 fr.). In order to understand a biblical work and its lesson, the author truly remarks, it is necessary to determine the literary form which it embodies, and the laws of that literary form (p. 19). The Canticle is here arranged as a drama, the words being divided between various speakers, and the main theme is supposed to be the vain attempt by Solomon to win the wife of a young shepherd. The whole story is regarded as a piece of fiction composed under Greek influence after 300 B.C. (p. 83). This interpretation is not a

new one; it is to be found, for instance, worked out more fully in Mr. Cannon's Song of Songs (Cambridge, 1913), which should certainly have been mentioned in the bibliography, and all the more so because Mr. Cannon does not accept such a late date. But it is useful to have the whole question threshed out from a frankly Catholic point of view, which must not be supposed necessarily to exclude this interpretation. What perhaps is most valuable is the assertion that the Canticle is a parable rather than an allegory (p. 108); it is much more difficult to find some spiritual significance objectively implied in every detail of the bride's person than to believe that Almighty God had a strong spiritual purpose in inspiring the book as a whole. There is a stronger case for this general line of exegesis than for the supposed rivalry of Solomon and the shepherd, even if the rivalry be supposed a mere piece of fiction. The matter must be thought out carefully, and no doubt the appearance of this volume will call attention to the problem; it is a noteworthy contribution to the study of a difficult book.

The question of messianic prophecy is at the present time one of considerable difficulty. Our biblical and apologetic manuals are apt to multiply the number of prophecies rather than to push their proofs home. Such, we fear, is also the plan of the little Latin book, Jesus in Ore Prophetarum, by Father Thomas a Villanova, a Capuchin (Marietti: 8.00 l.), a treatise on messianic prophecies, we are told, according to the doctrine of St. Bonaventure. We would gladly have seen at least one or two of the prophecies discussed thoroughly, with answers to the obvious objections; and a general explanation of prophecy would have been useful, with a distinction between a prediction in the strict literal sense and one in a typical or accommodated sense. We fear that ecclesiastical students may learn superficial and unscholarly methods from such a treatment as this, but it can be profitably used, as is indeed suggested, for spiritual reading or meditation: and passages from St. Bonaventure, such as are found here, are always welcome.

APOLOGETIC.

As popular apologetic, Les Variations d'un Futur Anthropophage!, by Chanoine Gabriel Blanc (Téqui: 10.00 fr.), would be hard to beat. The author meets a friend, Nitou, who is very fluctuating in his creed, and in humorous Socratic manner argues him out of one belief into another. There are few modern mind-fancies which are not attacked and undermined: theosophy, laicism, Buddhism, Mormonism, evolution, then the sciences, and many more. It is all racy and humorous reading, and a few serio-comic illustrations add to the fun. But Nitou, of course, remains at the end unconvinced.

Of the same nature, and by the same author, is Lourdes et la Libre-Pensée (Téqui: 2.50 fr.). The author presses hard the free-thinker, demanding from him an explanation of facts which he

cannot honestly deny. His friend Nitou is again the victim of his assaults.

Blessed John Fisher has never attained the literary celebrity of his fellow-martyr, Blessed Thomas More, but that is no reason why his writings, which, like More's, are mainly religious and controversial, should be neglected. For he witnesses in this way, as well as by his death, to the pre-Reformation Faith of England which many modern Englishmen find an interest in misrepresenting. We welcome, therefore, the able translation by Mgr. P. Hallett of one of Fisher's polemical works, his Defence of the Priesthood, against Luther (B.O. & W.: 5s.) which shows that the gentle prelate could wield a skilful and vigorous pen when the Faith was at stake. We have only to compare the sound Catholic doctrine here set forth with that of a typical Elizabethan like Jewel to realize how completely the Establishment abandoned the true Faith. A very pleasing representation of a bust of Fisher showing very strong intellectual features, forms a frontispiece to the book.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

The Department of Publications of St. Michael's College, Toronto, have issued among their philosophical texts a translation by R. J. Dunn, M.A., of St. Thomas's Compendium Theologiae, I. 2, which he began for his dear friend Br. Reginald, who wanted something less formidable than the "Summa," but had not time to finish before his death. This particular tractate deals with man and the God-man, and the translator has successfully aimed at giving "as literal a rendition of the Latin as was compatible with the English Idiom" (p. 11). This book should help others, besides Br. Reginald, in houses of study, and is issued in a paper cover at the moderate price of ninety cents.

HOMILETIC.

We do not wonder that the Archdioceses of New York and San Francisco have "adopted" Living for God: Sermon Notes for the Year, by the Rev. John I. Middleton, Ph.D. (Kenedy: \$2.00). While the volume provides the preacher with material for every Sunday, and for some of the principal feasts, it also contains an important theological course on Christ the Teacher and, in effect, on what He teaches. The author throughout is concerned with the life of faith more than with dogma; he would teach the flock of Christ how eminently practical are prayer, and penance, and love, and action, bringing them all, by analysis, by example, and by quotation, into men's everyday lives. The "notes" are more than notes: they are condensed sermons which any preacher could easily expand.

A small book, but quite out of the ordinary in its depth and freshness, is The Saddest and Gladdest of Days (The Sign Press:

\$1.10), by Father Camillus, C.P .- a series of sonnets and sermons on the Seven Words, stressing the tragedy, and hymning the victory, of the Cross. No one can fail to be enlightened and enheartened by the preacher's eloquence which is inspired by clear and far-spread vision. The sonnets are above the average.

Nine sermons on the Holy Eucharist by Father Ronald Knox, selected from those he has preached annually on the feast of Corpus Christi in London, have been published in book form with the arresting title Heaven and Charing Cross (B.O. & W.: 25. 6d.), and are well worth preserving. The preacher's freshness and felicity of language, his skilful exposition and devotional appeal, make the volume very delightful and edifying reading. Particularly serviceable is his insistence on Holy Communion being a family feast meant to unite Catholics by a spiritual bond far stronger than the influences which tend to keep them apart.

DEVOTIONAL.

Guidance to peace of soul is very seasonable in these days, and Pax Vobis; aux Ames Inquiètes, by R. P. Riondel, S.J. (Lethielleux: 12.00 fr.), provides that guidance. The exposition, divided into books and very short chapters, is wonderfully clear, and is full of apt illustration. The author begins by showing the importance and value of interior peace; then he discusses what exactly it means, and the conditions for securing it. A valuable section is that on the enemies of peace, at the end of which is a useful analysis of the idea as the world understands it, as contrasted with the "peace which the world cannot give." The second half of the work is practical, on the means to acquire peace and to keep it; this portion teems with scripture references, and with subdivisions which make it easily adapted for meditation. The obstacles to peace are considered one by one; here the author shows a wide experience in the guidance of others.

The Second Part of the Third Year of Mother St. Paul's Vita Christi, making the fourth volume of the series (Longmans: 5s.), contains "Meditations on Our Lord's Public Life for the time after Pentecost," and covers the last six months, from Tabernacles to the eve of Passiontide. The volume has the same two distinguishing features as its predecessors; attention to any detail of fact which may help in meditation, and practical application, which is never either forced or obtrusive. Mother St. Paul's "pictures," as she calls them, are specially her own; by this means she makes

a whole episode or parable come to life again.

Mrs. Helen Walker Homan has written a somewhat daring book entitled Letters to the Apostles (B. O. & W.: 6s.). It may be that not everyone will like it, but those who will, will like it very much. In a "shockingly" familiar way she has written to the apostles in turn, including St. Mark, St. Paul, and St. Luke, telling them what she knew and thought about them, and asking

them pertinent, perhaps even impertinent, questions. In this way she has made them very human; as she tells St. Peter, she has brought them down from their pedestals, and taken off the halo and paint. It is a bold undertaking, and some may think she has perhaps gone a little too far; all the more as much of her material is taken from the apocrypha. But, as we have said, others will like what she has done; and to these others the apostles will appeal as all the more attractive and inspiring because, in a certain sense, brought down to their level.

NON-CATHOLIC.

No one can doubt that Dean Inge thinks for himself, and thinks seriously; one's doubt only is whether he cares at all what other people think. He wishes sincerely to do good to his generation and to show it the right way; one's hesitation comes when one almost hears him saying: "The right way is my way." He denounces authority in religion; yet there is not a writer in our time who makes more dogmatic assertions than he does. Often he teaches what all will acknowledge for truth, often he says what, perhaps, no audience would accept without question; yet always the evidence is Dean Inge's ipse dixit and little more. This is again our impression of the Dean after reading The Gate of Life, a little volume of collected addresses (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), which contains much truth, much that is merely the author's own, but still not a little that will stimulate thought and, in many, reverence for God and His Christ.

Canon Peter Green's springy spirituality—we can find no better epithet—is again expressed this year in This Holy Fellowship, Thoughts on the Holy Communion (Longmans: 3s. 6d.). The book contains the substance of instructions on Communion given to his young people in his Manchester parish, and for their purpose they must have served well. There is healthy stimulus in all that the Canon says, plenty of work-a-day illustration, practical application on every page; and, if he is very careful not to be too definite as to what exactly his young people receive in Communion, still his words are so well chosen that they will be suitable, both for those who believe and those who do not. The Canon's skill in this respect amounts to genius, and we congratulate him; but we would like to know what actually he believes himself.

HISTORICAL.

How seriously the development of the Church in the United States has been affected by the fact of their mainly Protestant origins, is perhaps the chief lesson for English students of A History of the Legal Incorporation of Catholic Church Property in the United States (1784—1932), by the Rev. Patrick J. Dignam, Ph.D. (Kenedy: \$3.00). But not the only lesson; with the settlers and missionaries from France and Spain, there came the lay-

trustee system of land tenure which there prevailed, and still to a great extent prevails. How greatly this hindered the growth of the Church a century or more ago is faithfully told. With Protestant opposition on the one hand, and lay-ownership, leading to schism, on the other, one wonders at the patient way the leaders of the Church won through. The whole story is told with full documentation, and it throws valuable light on a question which of recent years has been aired in England. Incidentally the growth of the existing laws of the country is traced, many of them arising from disputes between the hierarchy and the lay-trustees. A last chapter, on the present legal status, shows that it is by no means the same in the various States of the Union.

A little book, The Immaculate Conception in Relation to the Miraculous Medal, the Definition, and Lourdes, by the Rev. John T. Carr, C.M. (Ouseley: 2s.), tells the story of the Miraculous Medal, and of the wonderful conversions wrought by its means, then that of the Definition, and finally of the climax, as it were, in the Apparitions of Lourdes. The three stories are happily brought together, showing how they supplement one another, and blend

into a consistent whole.

Much study and research have been compressed into a terse and interesting volume, which the late Bishop Vaughan would have warmly welcomed, called The Catholic Church in Modern Wales, by Mr. Donald Attwater (B. O. & W.: 8s. 6d.). The author quotes a priest as saying that the history of the Church in Wales so far has been "the organization of a non-Welsh mission to strangers within the gates." Mr. Attwater proves this very conclusively and shows that the work of the conversion of the Welsh people "is not merely not in sight-it has hardly begun." The workers in the field, both active and contemplative, have a splendid opening before them. The value of the book would be enhanced by the addition of a map showing clearly the physical features of the country, the division of the dioceses and the positions of the various Catholic Missions. We hope the book will be well in evidence this season in the various Welsh watering places; for it will do much to arouse interest in the restoration of the Faith to this country.

Messrs. Longmans publish a series called "the University of London Intermediate Source Books of History," of which the ninth, by Messrs. M. James and M. Weinstock, is called England During the Interregnum, 1642—1660 (9s. 6d.). It is divided into five sections, called respectively Political, Constitutional, Religious, Social and Economic, and Ireland. These are preceded by an Introductory Note, and the book is equipped with a good index. The authors have contrived to cover a good deal of ground in the space at their disposal, and their selection of extracts from the sources is indicative both of their variety and of the type of information which they contain. The Introductory Note on the

Sources would have been more useful if it had been more critical and less of a catalogue. At least some indication might have been given, for example, of the respective values of the Rushworth Collection and of the Calendars of State Papers. The section on Political affairs is perhaps too long in proportion to those on Constitutional and Religious matters, for these latter were at least of equal importance at this period. The special section devoted to Ireland rather strangely omits any extracts illustrating the Irish view of the situation. As a complete introduction to the Sources for this period, the volume is inadequate although it probably gives all that Intermediate students need.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The name of Henrietta Busk is well known to all who are interested in the development of higher education for women, and her story, told in **The Life of an Educational Worker**, by Ruth Young (Longmans: 3s. 6d.), will be welcomed by all. The author has for the most part allowed Miss Busk to describe her own adventures, reaching at last to the successful enterprises of Bedford College for Women, as it is to-day, and the Teachers' Guild.

Forty years ago the name of Count Albert de Mun was known all over Europe; his portrait was to be found in Stead's album of the world's greatest men, published in or about 1890. He was an intense soldier and patriot, an intense social worker, especially in defence and leadership of young people, an intense politician, who entered Gambetta's parliament with the bold declaration: "I speak in the name of the Catholics of France, and I demand for them, not your indulgence, but the justice of our country." The story of Albert de Mun, told by Robert Garric (Flammarion: 12.00 fr.), is the story of French Catholic politics from 1870 to the beginning of the Great War. Then, since the old man could no longer take up arms, his energies were spent in sustaining the courage of others. He died in the midst of his encouragement; he died as he had lived, and enemies and friends respected a model of Catholic Action.

Father Leonard, C.M., has been commendably expeditious in issuing another volume of his translation of Father Pierre Coste's great biography of his Founder. The first volume (of three) appeared last autumn and now we have the second—The Life and Works of St. Vincent de Paul, Vol. II (B. O. & W.: 21s.)—brought out in the same sumptuous style as the first, with some score of full-page plates, mostly portraits, and an analytical Table of Contents. Materially speaking, it is a much more worthy monument of the Apostle of Charity than the French original, which we welcomed at much length in 1933, and it should remain the

standard English Life for many a long day.

The story of the wonderful conversion of a little pagan Chinese girl of middle-class parents, and of her heroic goodness during her short fifteen years of life is told by Father E. Castel—who instructed and received her into the Church—and translated from the French by Sister Mary Cullen, in a book called The Rose of China (Alexander Ouseley: 3s. 6d.). So short a career has necessarily little of incident, but the author, by "pointing the moral" at considerable length—he likens the little one to the "Little Flower," whom, though she had not even heard of the Saint, she certainly seems to have greatly resembled—makes it more substantial. It would have been well if the translator had allowed herself a little more freedom in rendering the somewhat perfervid French into sober English. Yet these minor drawbacks cannot dim the sterling purity and fortitude of this valiant and shining little soul, whose brief life—with its long illness and early death—forms a most uplifting and edifying story.

The author of A Noble Company: Short Studies of Great Lives (Alexander Ouseley: 3s. 6d.), Mr. J. M. Flood, has aimed at setting out the lives, or rather the characters, of certain Saints by drawing upon their own description of themselves rather than on his personal opinions—a very excellent ideal which he has certainly realized not inadequately. There is no great originality about these studies, but they bring home to us the humanity, and therefore the imitability, of this noble Company, a humanity in which grace was allowed its way. There are a good many printer's errors, e.g., "he was able to untie works of charity with works of

piety"-which indicate careless proof-reading.

St. Thomas for children! Here is a novel idea admirably worked out in **The Angel of the Schools**, by Raissa Maritain, illustrated by Gino Severino (Sheed & Ward: 2s. 6d.), and no thoughtful child could read this book without being stirred to love and reverence for the most lovable of Doctors. There is nothing here "high and dry": we see how all his marvellous learning issued from a furnace of charity which was kindled by a marvellous spirit of prayer. Yet at the same time we feel that the Angel of the Schools would not have disdained to join in a childish romp. The general simplicity of the language is occasionally marred by abstruse terms, and although in many of the illustrations we find a charming medieval touch, a few are lacking in inspiration. But these are small blemishes in a very delightful book.

The Life of Mother Mary of St. Peter (Mlle Adèle Garnier), who founded in 1897 a Congregation of nuns alongside the great Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, whose special work was to be the perpetual adoration of the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, and who were exiled from France in 1901, has been told by Dom Bede Camm in an attractive volume called The Foundress of Tyburn Couvent (B. O. & W.: 5s.). It was a work which many have been waiting for, since the meaning of the foundation at Tyburn is as yet but imperfectly realized by Catholics in England, and it could not have been entrusted to more

capable hands, for the author, by speech and writing, has already done yeoman's service in the cause of the English martyrs and. being himself a Benedictine, could write with sympathy and understanding of one who was divinely guided to seek and obtain (in 1914) the incorporation of her congregation into the great Benedictine Order. The narrative itself, based on the writings of the holy Foundress, the annals of the convent, and the personal knowledge of the author, is of absorbing interest and fully illustrates that fixed procedure of Providence whereby every soul destined to establish a new institution in the Church must experience something similar in the way of trial and suffering to what the Founder Himself of the Church underwent. Moreover, the bodily and mental afflictions which overwhelmed this vessel of election, who was nevertheless so wedded to the Divine Will, repeats the strange paradox of Our Lord's own life, for God's will was His very meat yet what anguish did not its fulfilment cost Him! What this edifying story should do, besides making better known the stirring example of a saint of our days, is to stir up Catholics in England, who should have long ago raised on the site of Tyburn a Shrine of Remembrance, to further and foster the gallant Congregation which has assumed the duty which they neglected, and signalize this year of triumph for the English Martyrs by putting its enterprise beyond reach of failure.

The founder of the Congregation of La Sainte Union is a priest whose Life is likely to appeal to many English readers. L'Abbé Jean Baptiste Debrabant, by Mgr. Laveille, translated by Dom W. W. Phillipson, O.S.B. (Catholic Records Press, Exeter: 6s.), is written by an experienced hand, is carefully translated, and is full of good material. It tells a story like to that of all great founders, of a sublime idea born of zeal for souls, of devoted disciples, of crosses from within and without which seemed likely to bring all to an end, of persevering faith and final victory. We are told of the astonishing spread of the Institute in France and Belgium, and then of its coming to England in 1859, finding its first home in Bath. Meanwhile, the character of the founder himself is not forgotten; courageous, practical, with wide vision, but above all deeply spiritual, he stands out as a model, not only for his own children in his two Congregations, but for all who have the care of souls. In a cemetery searched by bombs during the War his monument alone stood intact; rightly the author asks

whether the finger of God was not there.

Not strictly a biography, but a delightful series of what, in cinema language, are called "close ups," is Among the Wolves: Life of Padre Lino of Parma, by Father Icilio Felici, translated from the Italian by Teresa Novi (Ouseley: 3s. 6d.). Padre Lino was born in 1866 and died in 1924. He was of good family, he joined the Friars Minor, he was dominated by the conviction that no one was bad, no, not the worst of criminals; and the wonder-

ful things he did in consequence, or some of them, are told in these very interesting pages. Incidentally, too, we learn a little of Italian poverty before and during the War. Surely Padre Lino is one whose name will one day be found along with those of

the Ven. Joseph Cottolengo and of St. John Bosco.

Among the many lives of modern heroic souls, L'Apprenti Missionnaire: Chérubin Merolla (1910—1930), by R. P. Ruggiero, translated into French by Ph. Mazoyer (Lethielleux: 15.00 fr.), deserves honourable mention. It is the story of a youth who was tried at once in two ways: by a craving for a great ideal, and at the same time by all manner of temptations. How he overcame the latter by clinging to the former; how when the victory had been won he was again called upon to make his surrender, how, instead of laying down his life for Christ on the mission field, he was asked to lay it down at home at the age of twenty—all this is told by one who, evidently, had learnt to admire and love this spirited, spiritual soul.

SOCIOLOGICAL.

Two important concepts are examined and discussed by P. H. du Passage, Editor of Etudes, in Morale et Capitalisme (Flammarion: 12.00 fr.): the concept of capital, and the concept of capitalism. After showing what different definitions of capital have been given at various times by economists, he points out that for the Catholic philosophers of the Middle Ages capital consisted of fruitful things, and of those the use of which did not involve the destruction of their substance. For them money was not capital, and consequently no charge could be made to a borrower for the mere use of money lent. From this clear-cut notion of capital it was easy to prove the right of capital to a share in the net product which it helped to produce, a right less easily established on other theories of capital. The author considers that the characteristic note of modern capitalism is the mobility, concentration and resulting dominance of money in the economic system. He draws attention to the abuses which mark modern capitalism, and urges "professional organization" as a fundamental reform. The analytic and descriptive parts of the book are much stronger than the constructive suggestions, and are of themselves sufficient to make the little study of quite considerable value.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A recently converted Brahmin, who has taken in baptism the name of Paul Jerome R. Iyer, is doing great work in and about Malacca in promoting Catholic Action among Christian laymen. A pamphlet published by him, The Lay Apostolate (Catholic Press Agency of the East, Malacca) is a model of its kind, and provides Catholics everywhere with much food for thought. Running through all the sections is one great idea: the realization of our indebtedness because of the Faith that has been given to us, and

our consequent duty, both to know what that Faith contains and

to give it to others.

An interesting study of comparatively recent prophecies, L'Heure va-t-elle sonner?, by a writer evidently in earnest, M. René Clairfeu (Téqui: 8.00 fr.), at least provides material for much reflection on the age in which we live and the future. Briefly we are shown many signs, fulfilments of what has been foretold, which point to a climax, but also to a revival. The author believes, on the evidence of many quoted prophecies, which have already been proved to be partially true, that we are on the verge of a great upheaval, after which the Kingdom of Christ will again come to its own. It is a book at once alarmist and full of hope.

The problem of the re-conversion of the rural districts of France, and how it is being met by communities of priests, not unlike the foundations of Augustinian canons and others in the thirteenth century, is well illustrated in the Life of Le Chanoine Mangou, et la première Communauté sacerdotale de Larchant, by Pierre-Marie Bretonnet (Bonne Presse: 10.00 fr.). It is an impressive story of a priest who began his life's work when he was already past sixty, who lived to see it shattered by the War, but not to see it revive when the War was over. In reading this book one learns much of the hidden heroism of the French clergy; one is confident, too, that such heroism is already beginning to reap its reward.

We welcome the appearance of Father Francis P. Donnelly's Cicero's Milo—A Rhetorical Commentary (Fordham University: \$1.25) which, as the author states, is the result of twenty-five years' teaching. It is a further illustration of Father Donnelly's scholarship and pedagogical experience, and is quite up to the standard of his other educational studies. It deals with one of Cicero's finest efforts, and is equipped with an adequate apparatus criticus preceding the text and commentary, in which the author or analyses the rhetorical structure of the speech. This commentary is exhaustive, and displays great knowledge of Cicero's art. We can recommend the book, which is not printed but cyclo-styled, to all teachers and students of rhetoric and classical literature.

Miss G. M. Godden has done good service to the Christian cause by collecting into a pamphlet—The Communist Attack on Great Britain (B. O. & W.: 1s. 6d.)—some of her latest investigations into the workings of Bolshevism in our midst. Although the Soviets, through dread of Poland and Germany and Japan, have apparently "called off" the World-Revolution for the present, Antichrist has experienced no change of heart, and the menace and the machinery for effecting it still remain. As a matter of fact, there is little concealment about Soviet tactics in this country; the wonder which Miss Godden reveals is the readiness wherewith these frothy demagogues who work for Russian pay are listened to, not only by "labour with a grievance," but by the so-called intelligentzia and various philanthropic bodies. We venture to

say that the sentence which ends the book is more important than the rest of it, for it indicates the best way of warding off Bolshevism. Ideas are not killed by force, but by removing their sources. "Such measures [sc., suppressing propaganda] in no way disparage the still greater need of a reconditioning of our social order, on the basis of full recognition of the rights of divine and natural law." When Capitalism becomes Christian there will be little to fear from the Soviets.

The Rev. Canon Sheppard, author of a lively book called The Impatience of a Parson, has again expressed his discontent with the Anglican Church, as at present conducted, in one of the If I Were Dictator series of booklets (Methuen: 2s. 6d. n.), and takes occasion to point out how he would reform that Church, if he had the power, so that by means of it he might reform the world. The Canon is a fierce individualist and, whilst acknowledging that he may be wrong in his remedies, would enlarge the already elastic boundaries of the Establishment to include Catholics, the Orthodox and the Free Churches, if they would enter, pooling its funds with theirs, and giving them a voice in its Assembly. Then he would dissociate this new Church from any approval of war: all its faithful members apparently would be C.O.'s. He would fashion a new minimum Creed "stating the very few things a Christian need believe" and not exact even this as a test of Church membership. Finally, his refashioned Church would concern itself actively with social reform of every kind. There is so much generous zeal and real love of Our Lord mingled with this jumble of contradictions and half-truths that one is moved rather to pity than to any less kind emotion. But the Canon's remedies, one feels, would be worse for Christianity than the disease.

REPRINTS.

Amongst Messrs. Sheed and Ward's cheaper editions few will be more welcome than Dom Louis Gougaud's Christianity in Celtic Lands, originally priced at 18s. and now reduced to 8s. 6d. net. The former price, although not at all disproportionate to the worth of so scholarly a book, must have kept many "Celts" from purchasing it. Now it is within reach of multitudes of those "sons of St. Patrick" to whom it is gracefully dedicated and whom it behoves more than any others to have a competent knowledge of their spiritual ancestry. We can safely say that Dom Louis is his own sole rival: the French original, on which the present volume is based, held its own for twenty-one years before being superseded by the later researches herein embodied. And these are not likely to become antiquated-so wide and thorough have been the author's investigations-in this generation. Familiar as we are with ecclesiastical development in the West, it is of the utmost interest to learn, under Dom Gougaud's guidance, what

strange forms it took outside the Roman civil system, and how very gradually the Celts abandoned their primitive beliefs. We hope the volume will now penetrate into the libraries of schools and colleges, as well as of statesmen and legislators. The translation, made from the French MS, is the work of Miss Maude

lovnt and reads very smoothly.

M. Maritain's philosophic dialogues, originally published in 1933 with the title *Theonas: conversations with a Sage*, have assumed in the new 3s. 6d. edition the title **The Freedom of the Intellect and other conversations with the sage Theonas** (Sheed & Ward: 3s. 6d. n.), but the contents are unchanged. There are eleven conversations in all, ranging over a wide diversity of current problems and bringing each to the keen scrutiny of Christian principles. There are here no concessions to the unphilosophic mind, little enough jam for the assimilation of the unpalatable truth, yet the perusal is a valuable mental exercise and the result will increase the reader's capacity for seeing through modern illusions.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Franciscan Schools in the Holy Land and Near East (obtainable from the Commissariat of the Holy Land, Forest Gate, London: 6s.) is a picture-story of the Friars at work with their schools in the Levant, with abundance of illustrations all beautifully reproduced.

A missionary journal, now in its 51st year, but unfamiliar to us, is the monthly edited by the White Fathers in Belgium and called **Grands Lacs** (Les Pères Blancs: Louvain: 20.00 frs. annually), a special number of which devoted to the Ruanda mission appeared in March. It tells the story of heroic labours and wonderful success, and is excellently illustrated.

PERIODICAL.

The European number of St. Mary's High School Magazine, published in Bombay, is a pleasing record of the many activities, scholastic and athletic, of this flourishing college for boys. The magazine is lavishly illustrated and full of interesting articles.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. H. J. Parkinson, M.A., of the Vaughan School, deserves well of Catholics for having written a luminous sketch of the career and character of the martyred Bishop of Rochester which, with the title John Fisher, Defender of the Unity of Christendom, has been issued as one of the "Vaughan Supplements" (Vaughan School: 6d.), with a Prefatory Note by Dr. John Vance, the Head Master. Mr. Parkinson rightly considers that Catholics should pay more attention to the special services to the Faith rendered by the Bishop, whose writings are not generally known or valued

amongst us, and his own high appreciation of the great prelate will do something to break down that neglect. Two excellent portraits of Blessed John—one from a little-known bust—are included in the booklet.

The "Our Father" for Little Ones, by a Sister of Notre Dame (Coldwell: 6d.), is a fascinating booklet with coloured pictures and simple letter-press which should delight those for whom it is

intended.

An inspiring idea, happily carried out, has produced The Mass of the Missions, by Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. (Jesuit Mission Press: 10 c.), which first took shape as a lecture and is now published in book form. It connects the words of the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith with the actual progress of the Faith throughout the world, and gives a brief account, with statistics, of how the various prayers and petitions are exemplified in reality.

All lovers of St. Vincent de Paul and his Orders will welcome a little book giving Thoughts from Saint Vincent de Paul for each Day of the Year (B. O. & W.: 2s. 6d.), selected and arranged by the Rev. J. Leonard, C.M. The "thoughts" are taken from the many volumes of his Life, correspondence and other writings, and the selection is well adapted to give healthy spiritual food for

daily meditation.

The ever-growing devotion to Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus justifies, or at least explains, the continual stream of publications concerning her. Her inspiring Little Catechism of the Act of Oblation (B. O. & W.: 9d.) has been excellently translated by the Very Rev. Michael Collins.

From the same publishers comes Saint Camillus, Founder of the Orders of Clerics Regular (21d.), an interesting and well-written

little pamphlet.

Mr. John Eppstein's striking indictment of War-mongering called Reapers of Death, originally published in The Month, has been re-issued as a pamphlet; very appositely, in view of the British Commission to investigate the traffic in arms, with the title The Harvest of Fear (C.S.G.: 2d.).

The Catholic Mind for March 22nd (America Press: 5 c.) contains a most outspoken article on the vice of contraception—"Birth Controllers, who are they?"—by Ward Clarke, which should bring

home to its advocates its essential foulness.

The "Guild of St. Joseph and St. Dominic" at Ditchling Common, Hassocks, is too little known to Catholics who appreciate real art in Church decoration and Catholic worship. A Second Book of Things for Liturgical and Devotional Use will help to remedy this, for it explains the work of this Guild of Catholic craftsmen who wish to make the Catholic Faith "the rule, not only of their lives, but of their workmanship." The pamphlet can be obtained from the Secretary.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Dictionnaire de Spiritualité. Fasc. IV. By Marcel Viller, S.J., and Others. Cols. 961—1,288. Price, 20.00 fr.

Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd., London.

Anglican Memories. By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Pp. 92. Price, 2s. 6d. Apologetics for the Pulpit. By Rev. A. Roche. Pp. ix, 259. Price, 6s. Saint Camillus de Lellis. Pp. 24. Price, 2½d. St. Thérèse's Little Catechism. Translated by Very Rev. M. Collins. Pp. 32. Price, 9d. The Catholic Church in Modern Wales. By Donald Attwater. Pp. xiii, 233. Price, 8s. 6d. The Humble Viegin Mary. Adapted from the French by P. L. Perroy. Pp. viii, 120. Price, 3s. 6d. Lyra Martyrum. Compiled by Rev. Sir John O'Connell. Pp. 121. Price, 6s. Defence of the Priesthood. By John Cardinal Fisher. Translated by Mgr. P. Hallett. With portraits. Pp. 150. Price, 5s. Heaven and Charing Cross: Sermons on the Holy Eucharist. By R. A. Knox, M.A. Pp. vi, 90. Price, 2s. 6d.

COLDWELL, LTD., London.

Sermons for Lent. By Rev. John Burns, O.S.A. Pp. 128. Price, 3s. Outlines of Bible Study. By John C. Dougherty. Pp. 212. Price, 8s. The "Our Father" for Children. Illustrated. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Pp. 21. Price, 6d.

EDITIONS SPES, Paris.

Madame Elisabeth. By Jean Balde. Pp. 254.

EMMANUEL VITTE, Paris.

Catéchisme Théologique de la Vie Spirituelle et du Mérite Surnaturel. By Mgr. Paul Négre. Pp. 112. Price, 3.50 fr. La Légende Dorde de Saint Jean Bosco. By Charles Pichon. Pp. 63. Price, 3.50 fr. La Règle de Saint Benoît Commentée. By G.-A. Simon. Pp. 520. Price, 27.00 fr.

FABER & FABER, London.

The Unfinished Universe. By T. S. Gregory. Pp. 143. Price, 8s. 6d. n. Faith Press, London.

Miracles and Critics. By the Rev. Hubert S. Box. Pp. x, 118. Price, 3s. HEATH CRANTON, London.

The Brown Caravan. Illustrated. By Anthony Rowe. Pp. 191. Price, 38. 6d. n.

JESUIT MISSION PRESS, New York.

The Mass of the Missions. By Thomas J. Feeney, S.J. Pp. 80. Price, 10 cents.

LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris.

Ce qui se passe en Allemagne. Pp. 213. Price, 5.00 fr.

NICHOLSON & WATSON, London.

The Chinese People, their Past, Present and Future. By Lt.-Com. Elwell-Sutton. Pp. 264. Price, 4s. 6d. n.

ORPHANS' PRESS, Rochdale.

The Passion for the People. By Fr. Luigi, C.P. Translated by Fr. Martin, C.P. Pp. 175.

OUSELEY, London.

God, Does He Exist? By T. M.
Lovat Fraser. Pp. 78. Price, 18.
The Rose of China. Illustrated. By
Fr. E. Castel. Pp. 142. Price, 3s. 6d.
A Notable Company. By J. M. Flood.
Pp. 181. Price, 3s. 6d.

SANDS & Co., London.

"And the World Knew Him Not."
By Agnes Johnson. Pp. 124. Price,
18. 6d. n.

SCUOLA SALESIANA DEL LIBRO, Rome.

Die Herrlichkeiten der Göttlichen
Gnade. By Dr. Alfred Eröss. Pp. 39.

SEMINARY PRESS, Cleveland, Ohio.

Sound Spending. By Rev. F. Walsh. Pp. 238. Price, \$2.50.

SHEED & WARD, London.

The Spiritual Letters of Dom John Chapman, O.S.B. Edited by Dom Roger Hudleston, O.S.B. Pp. 330. Price, 8s. 6d. n. St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools. Illustrated. By Raissa Maritain. Translated by Julie Kernan. Pp. 127. Price, 2s. 6d. n.

VAUGHAN SCHOOL, Kensington.

John Fisher. By H. J. Parkinson.

Pp. 11. Price, 6d.

VITA E PENSIERO, Milan.

Problemi Fondamentali dello Stato Corporativo. Vol. XIV. Pp. xii, 162. Price, 10.00 l. . . . y i. e. e. s. g. F. m o. s, d. by n.

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